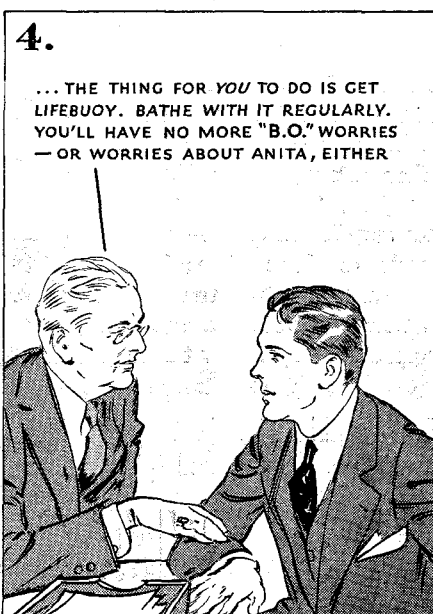
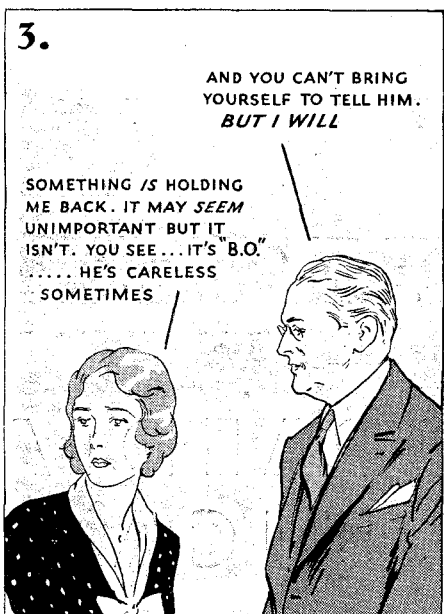
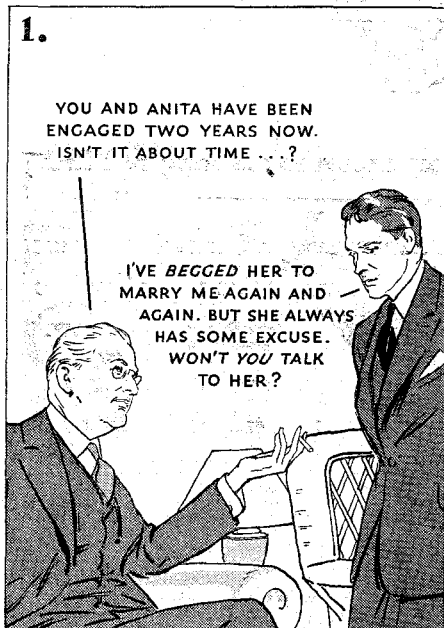


ANITA NAMES THE DAY

by Timm's



What are YOUR chances of escaping "B.O."?

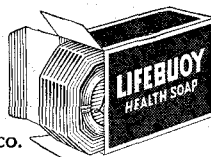
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for JANUARY 28, 1933

VOLUME 115

NUMBER 4

Published at 354-360 Fourth Avenue
New York

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Information for Subscribers

TERMS: \$4.00 a year, in advance; \$2.00, six months; 10 cents a copy; Canada, \$6.60 a year; \$3.30, six months; 15 cents a copy; other foreign countries, \$5.00 a year.

Semiannual Indexes will be sent free to subscribers who apply for them.

Instructions for renewal, discontinuance or change of address should be sent two weeks before the date they are to go into effect. Both old and new addresses must always be given.

THE LITERARY DIGEST is published weekly by Funk & Wagnalls Company, WILFRED J. FUNK, President; ROBERT J. CUDDIHY, Vice-President and Treasurer; WILLIAM NEISEL, Secretary, 354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. London Office, 14 Salisbury Square. Printed in the U. S. A. Entered as second-class matter, March 24, 1890, at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Chicago, Ill., and Columbus, O. Entered as second-class matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

THE LITERARY DIGEST title is registered in U. S. Patent Office, and in Foreign Countries. "PUBLIC OPINION, New York, and CURRENT OPINION, New York, combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST. (Titles registered in U. S. Patent Office.)

"I'm glad we Looked at All Three!"



A CERTIFIED INTERVIEW
WITH EDWARD TRUMBULL
(ARTIST) 166 EAST 38th
STREET, NEW YORK CITY



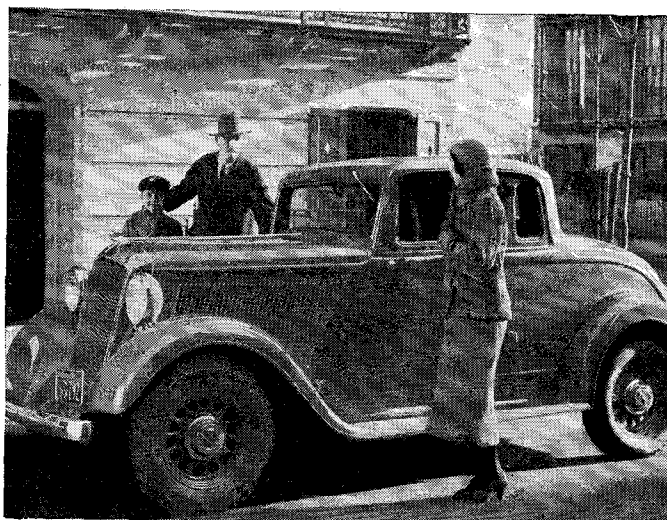
"That ad ... 'Look at All Three' ... seemed to be a sporting proposition ... so we looked at the other two low-priced cars."



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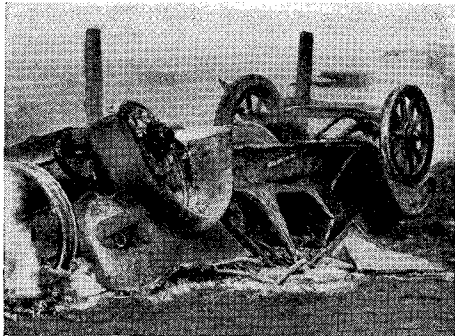
The first principle of reconstruction demands insurance that adequately covers all essential property, the loss of which would retard recovery.

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enough. There may be loss through windstorm damage, explosion and burglary. These are but a few of the many hazards for which insurance provides protection.

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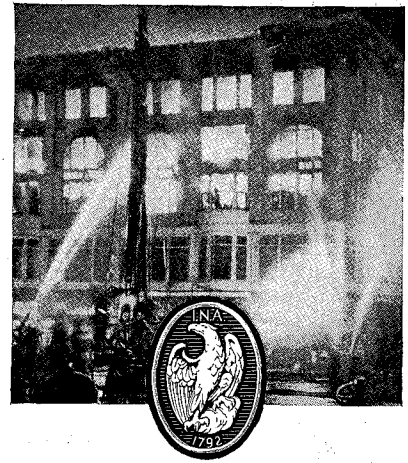
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The Literary Digest

NEW YORK, JANUARY 28, 1933

TOPICS OF THE DAY

A Perilous Freedom Handed to the Philippines

A KICK IN THE FACE for the little brown brother. That's what the newly-enacted Philippine independence bill amounts to, in the opinion of many American editors.

Amid country-wide uproar, Uncle Sam takes a slash at the red, white, and blue strings from which the Islands have safely dangled ever since we took them over from Spain. And the bitter quarrel raging for years now reaches a furious climax.

Quoting Patrick Henry's cry, "Give me liberty or give me death," the Louisville *Courier-Journal* dryly declares that "Congress has given both to the Philippine Islands."

In the face of fiery protests and over President Hoover's veto, Congress rolls up a two-thirds majority and passes the modified Hawes-Cutting bill to cut the hawser, and let the Islands fend for themselves. Thus, the first major piece of legislation of the short session is enacted.

But it is a measure "avowedly sordid in purpose," declares the Hartford *Courant*, speaking for the many papers that charge it was pushed by our own agricultural interests, jealous of the Islands' competition in sugar, coconut oil, and hemp products. The bill provides for complete independence after a ten-year trial period, during which tariffs will be slapped on Philippine shipments to this country which now come in duty-free.

But foes of the legislation still hope that it will be nullified, either by the Supreme Court on the ground that Congress has no right to alienate territory, or by the refusal of the Filipinos themselves to accept the offer.

What the islanders will do seemed doubtful immediately after the bill was passed. Conflicting statements are issued by Filipino leaders. While some of them are highly pleased, others express intense disappointment. One of the first to denounce the act is Manuel Quezon, President of the Philippine Senate.

But, in Washington, the Philippine independence mission issues a joyful statement:

"The Senate, this afternoon, took the last step looking to the liberation of the Philippine Islands.

"The full realization of the significance of this action will bring joy and happiness to the hearts of the Filipino people.

"On behalf of our nation, we desire to express our deep gratitude to the Government and people of the United States for this act unprecedented in the history of dependent peoples.

"No nation heretofore has been able to win its independence in the manner it will come to the Philippines under this law, through the orderly processes of self-government and peace.

"It speaks very highly of the sense of justice and love of freedom of the American people. It proves to the world the unselfishness of America, and brings new hope to mankind.

"We face the future with abiding faith in earnest desire is to be

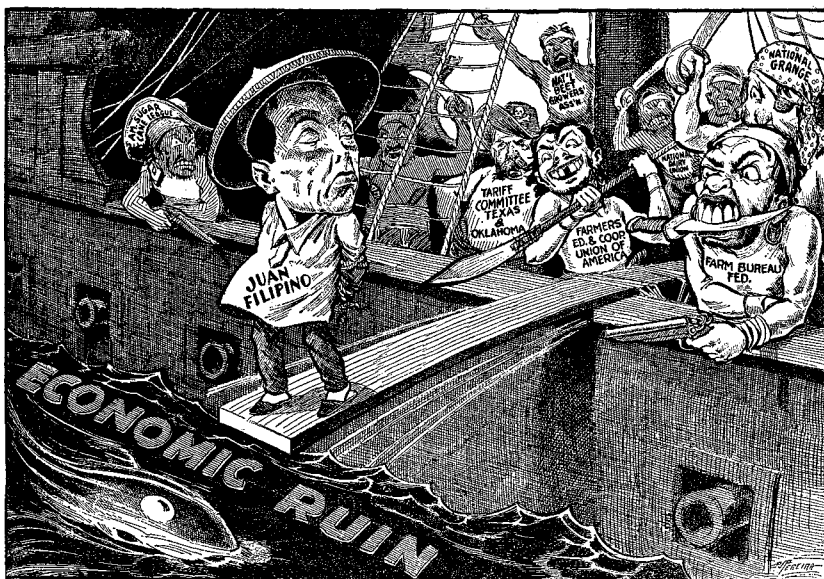
liberty and independence, and our most worthy of America."

But in faraway Manila, Quezon was denouncing the bill in bitter terms. Talking to Robert A. Smith, correspondent of the New York Times, he declared:

"It is not an independence bill at all, it is a tariff bill directed against our products; it is an immigration bill directed against our labor. The element of independence is merely a sugar-coating in order to impose conditions upon the Philippines."

Asserting he now would insist upon independence at once, Mr. Quezon announced he would leave for Washington in March to seek passage of a different measure.

The Philippine legislature, judging by its present attitude, will reject the Hawes-Cutting bill, Mr. Quezon told the United Press correspondent. Some native leaders, we read, believe that the Legislature should not act, but that the question should be left to a popular convention.



Walking the Plank

—Pereira in the Manila "Philippines Free Press."

Watch for This Map!

To follow intelligently the course of events in Manchuria, the newly-created State of Manchukuo, and the rich Province of Jehol, which the Japanese wish to join to Manchukuo, you must be able to put your finger on the spot where events of tremendous omen are happening day after day.

To enable you to do this, "The Literary Digest" offers in next week's issue (February 4) a full-page color map, complete in detail and authoritative in information, of the vast theater of the Chino-Japanese conflict on which the eyes of all the other nations of the world are anxiously fixt.

Other confusing trends were evident in Manila. Jubilant over the Congressional action, the University of the Philippines students and faculty declared a holiday. At the same time the Manila *Bulletin* was cabling a bitter message to THE LITERARY DIGEST:

"Cuba is directly responsible for the campaign for scuttling the Philippines. Cuban sugar certainly wants no twin-sister treatment, and will see to it that there is nothing of the kind."

It was on Friday, January 13, that the House by a vote of 274 to 94, passed the independence bill over Mr. Hoover's veto. On January 17 the Senate, delayed by the Long filibuster, took



The Cold, Cold World
—Shoemaker in the Chicago "Daily News."

similar action, the vote being 66 to 26. Not only did the Senate override the veto, but it ignored the statements of four Cabinet members made public by the President in the hope of stopping the bill.

In his veto message, President Hoover attacked the bill on moral, political, and economic grounds, and called it a "betrayal of our trust." He referred to the vulnerability of the islands to aggression without the aid of the United States, and to their financial inability to maintain adequate military forces even for internal purposes. He urged that the plebiscite on freedom be taken "fifteen or twenty years hence."

The House, knowing what the result was to be, took only an hour for discussion, and passed the bill. In deciding the fate of 13,000,000 people, the House in the last two sessions of the Seventy-second Congress has spent two hours and forty minutes, according to the correspondents.

When it came time for the Senate to give the bill its final push, the discussion consisted entirely of speeches in its favor, with Senator Cutting, insurgent Republican of New Mexico, attacking the President's veto message, and Senator Lewis, Illinois Democrat, emphasizing the danger of war if the United States remains in the Philippines.

Senator Borah, Idaho Republican, insisted Philippine independence offered the only possibility of protecting American agriculture from competition of the islands' products. As he is quoted by the United Press correspondent:

"We can not, while we hold the Philippines, erect a tariff barrier. It must be a modified protection. The only hope of the American farmer is independence as soon as it can reasonably be granted."

But this is "a tragic mistake," declares the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*, and the *Washington Post* adds that "thus another chapter full of grief and mischief is outlined for the next decade or two in the history of the United States."

The act "perpetuates during a critical period of world affairs all our responsibilities as to the islands while reducing our ability to fulfil them," asserts the *Chicago Tribune*. "It retains the islands as an exposed flank and deprives us of the ability to defend it."

In a bitter attack on Congress, for "this immoral piece of legislation," the *New York Herald Tribune* is confident that the act will be thrown overboard either by the Supreme Court or by the Filipinos themselves—

"For clouded vision, atrophied minds, and ignoble motives, nothing in our history has equaled the performance of the Senate and House of Representatives in passing by a two-thirds vote the measure to haul down the American flag. Patriotism they ignored; the honor of their country they never thought about; the trade of the United States they cared not about, and obligations to the Filipinos they disowned."

So runs most of the editorial comment. But there is another side, too.

"The Senate has acted rightly," asserts the *Boston Herald*, and the *New York Daily News* thinks that "future Congresses should devote part of their energies to the task of shortening the time in which we shall achieve complete freedom from the Philippines."

Turning now to the salient features of the independence bill, we find that it provides, first, that the act shall take effect when accepted by concurrent resolution of the Philippine Legislature or a convention. Other provisions are summarized by the Washington correspondent of the *New York American*:

"The Philippine Legislature shall provide for a convention of elected delegates to meet within one year and to draft a constitution within two years.

"The constitution must be satisfactory to the United States and must contain a bill of rights. It must be submitted for approval by a majority vote, otherwise the islands continue in their present status.

"On the Fourth of July following ten years after the inauguration of the new government under the constitution, the United States shall withdraw.

"Imports into the United States of sugar, coconut oil, and cordage, free of duty, would be limited annually during the ten years—sugar to 850,000 tons, including 800,000 tons of raw and 50,000 tons of refined; coconut oil to 200,000 tons, and hemp products to 3,000,000 pounds. These are virtually the present figures covering such imports.

"Beginning with the sixth year the islands would be permitted to levy export taxes amounting to 5 per cent. of the American tariff in that year, 10 per cent. the seventh, and so on until the taxes reach 25 per cent. in the tenth year.

"Full duties would apply against Philippine goods after the ten-year period altho a conference between the United States and the islands is provided in the last year, at which some reciprocal trade agreement similar to Cuban-American commercial relations might be worked out.

"The United States would be represented in the islands by a high commissioner during the transition.

"The islands would have one resident commissioner in Washington instead of two as at present, with the right to sit and debate in the House, but without voting privilege.

"The United States retains the right to maintain whatever military and naval reservations in the islands it may deem fit to hold after complete independence.

"The President is directed to negotiate treaties with foreign governments looking to the 'perpetual neutralization' of the new government."

Roosevelt With Hoover on Japan

IT SEEMS there is one Hoover "baby" Mr. Roosevelt is willing to adopt.

And that is the Hoover Oriental policy, which the President-elect comes out for at the critical time when anti-American feeling is rising in Japan and when the League of Nations is apparently forcing a show-down with Japan on the Manchurian issue, while the Nipponese armies continue their mid-winter campaign of conquest in Jehol.

The Roosevelt statement, it will be remembered, came after the President-elect's conference with Secretary of State Stimson and before last week's White House conference with the President. It came just as Mr. Stimson was telling all the foreign Powers that our Far Eastern policy was unchanged.

Mr. Roosevelt simply informed reporters that he was "wholly willing to make it clear that American foreign policy must uphold the sanctity of international treaties." That seems general enough, but editors and correspondents agree that it means a definite continuity of policy, particularly in the Far East.

Caustic is the New York *Daily News* about what it considers Mr. Roosevelt's intention "to snatch to his bosom the weakest part of the Hoover-Stimson foreign policy and make it his own":

"It is understood that Mr. Roosevelt is determined to go on refusing, as Messrs. Hoover and Stimson have refused, to recognize Manchukuo or any other territories Japan may carve out of China with bayonets. Messrs. Hoover and Stimson insist that the Manchurians be released from Japanese control and order, and be given back to Chinese bandits and war-lords. Mr. Roosevelt seems resolved to carry on that insistence.

"Well, if he wants to do that he had better begin building up the Navy the moment he becomes President. You can not make a war-provoking policy stick unless you have warlike weapons, and plenty of them—more than the other fellow has."

AND one critic of the Hoover policy simply can't believe its ears. The Philadelphia *Record* declares flatly:

"The United States is not obligated to enforce the Nine-Power treaty safeguarding the territorial integrity of China.

"The United States is not obligated to enforce the Kellogg pact renouncing war as an instrument of national policy.

"The United States is not obligated to non-recognition or consultation or any other State Department fuddy-duddyism that leads inevitably to trouble.

"The pacts of the Pacific were not approved until the Senate made it clear that 'there is no commitment to armed force, no alliance, no obligation to join in any defense.'

"And the Kellogg pact was not ratified by the Senate until the Committee on Foreign Relations reported that the treaty involved no obligation, express or implied, to engage in punitive or coercive measures against a nation violating the treaty.

"Secretary Stimson, in setting up the doctrine of non-recognition last January, and the doctrine of consultation last August, usurped treaty-making powers and rewrote the Kellogg pact.

"Both doctrines are full of dynamite.

"President-elect Roosevelt must scrap both doctrines. *The Record* can not believe reports that he accepts them."

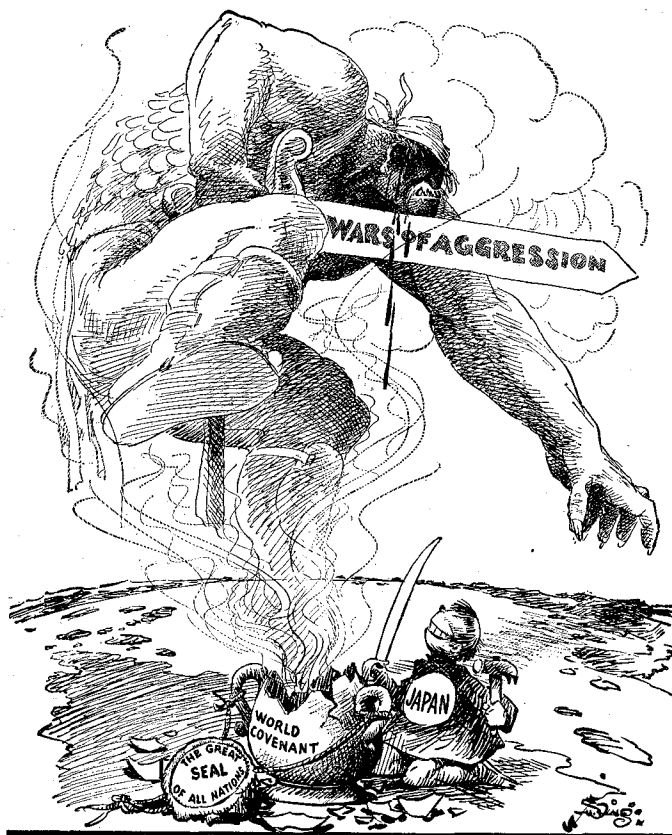
But other papers, while recognizing the difficulties and dangers in the Hoover policy, feel that Mr. Roosevelt is pursuing the right course. Not in a long time, observes the Washington *Evening Star*, "has there been a more wholesome demonstration of constructiveness in a domain of American foreign policy." The Hoover doctrine, in short, as *The Evening Star* sums it up, is "that the United States will withhold any recognition of any situation brought about in violation of the nine-Power Washington treaty and the Kellogg-Briand pact." It is a cause for national rejoicing, possibly for international gratification, continues this paper, that Mr. Roosevelt has decided to continue along these lines—

"The event is not designed forthwith to precipitate the withdrawal of Japanese forces from the frozen plains of Manchukuo

or to mountain valleys of adjacent Jehol, through which they are now battling their way.

"But Japan's attack on mankind's laboriously constructed peace machinery has received a check which, in the years that are but yesterdays in the lives of nations, may turn out to be as effective as if the world had rushed to arms in defense of its invaded rights."

Trouble may lie ahead, a number of papers agree. Our position, notes the New York *Times*, for instance, "is one that the



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Letting the Genie Loose Upon the World Again
—Darling in the New York "Herald Tribune."

Japanese Government is obviously prepared to contest and undermine if possible"—

"This must be perfectly clear to President-elect Roosevelt and his advisers. It thus required on his part no little courage to announce that he is ready to go on with an effort and a policy which are certain not only to be troubled but trouble-making."

THAT the statements from Stimson and Roosevelt stiffened the backbone of the League of Nations is a conclusion reached by many editors and correspondents. The rest of the world, writes Paul Scott Mowrer from Paris to the Chicago *Daily News*, "had thought that American foreign policy was paralyzed by the alleged Hoover-Roosevelt disagreements." But now League authorities are encouraged to take definite action, so that the Paris *Midi* is moved to say: "It is perceived that the United States, tho not a member of the League of Nations, is able to force a decision on the States great and small at Geneva."

Japanese reaction at the first publication of the Roosevelt utterance is reflected in a Foreign Office statement that Japan hopes Mr. Roosevelt will be an improvement in manner if not in principle—"we hope the Roosevelt Administration will not act on the spur of the moment as Mr. Stimson did."

In China, according to an Associated Press dispatch from Nanking, the newspapers hail the Roosevelt declaration as of "great assistance to China's cause which will have a tremendous influence in London, Paris, and Geneva."

Huey Long's Rampage

A PLUMPISH MAN with curly red hair, a dimple in his chin, and vast endurance in his tongue, talks the nation into a state of exasperation.

From coast to coast the epithets crackle and angry eyes are fixt on Washington as the Louisiana "Kingfish," Senator Huey P. Long, stages his filibuster, turning "the greatest deliberative body on earth" into "a one-man circus."

With a suffering country hoping desperately for some quick and constructive action from Congress in the precious hours of the short session, Senator Long seizes control, ties the Senate in a knot and holds up legislation.

What about farm relief? The beer bill? The Glass banking bill?

Well, it seems that Senator Long has the floor, and is talking,



The Cave Gentleman

—Thomas in the Detroit "News."

as the *Troy Times* puts it, about "the Lord's Prayer, the Declaration of Independence, and whether red herring is a suitable article of diet." He talks on and on, until many a helpless observer could hammer him. And the cost of keeping the Congressional machinery going, we read, is \$125,000 a day.

Mr. Long does not like the Glass banking bill. The branch banking provision, he says, would concentrate power in the hands of a few and hurt local communities. And so he talks on to delay the bill by killing time, oblivious of the harsh things said about him, ready for a fight with any of his colleagues, defiant of Democratic party leadership.

"SWAYING from side to side, bouncing on his feet, reading from books, uttering occasional sarcastic flings and quips," says the Associated Press correspondent, "Mr. Long performed with much arm-waving, head-shaking, and hand-lifting."

"I want to tell you," shouts the "Kingfish," "that the big men of this country and the great development of this country have come from the little community banks." But if he does get on the subject of the banking bill now and then, he wanders far afield between times. And when he wants a little rest he sends long documents to the clerk to be read, or one of his sympathetic colleagues jumps in to relieve him.

"Well, it's a short session for the House," said a press gallery wag, "but a Long session for the Senate."

After delaying action on the Philippine independence bill, which he favored, in order to hold up the Glass bill, Senator

Long finally interrupted his filibuster on the sixth day to let the Senate override the President's veto on the island measure.

Meanwhile, Senator Robinson, Democratic leader, prepared to stop the filibuster by presenting a petition for closure, which can be obtained by a two-thirds vote. But when it came to a show-down, the Senate was found to be unwilling to impose "gag rule." Failing by one vote, the closure rule was defeated by the aid of twenty Republicans. Refusal of the Republicans to help stifle the filibuster brought a bitter attack by Senator Robinson.

However, immediately after the closure rule was defeated, agreement to end the filibuster was obtained by Senator Borah, Idaho Republican, with a proposal to limit debate.

In the vast volume of press comment on the Long filibuster, it is hard to find any kindly word for the Louisiana Senator. Disgust, derision, anger run through the editorials. Dozens of times he is called "clown," "buffoon," "blatant sensationalist," "demagog." His filibuster is termed a "side-show," "burlesque," "disgrace," "travesty on democracy." And the Senate is excoriated for permitting such an exhibition.

"His filibuster against the Glass bill," says the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* in a typical editorial, "is an argument not against the bill, but against a number of other things—against Huey Long, against lame-duck Congresses, against Senate rules helpless to stop the burlesque, against a public tolerance that endures such a spectacle." Then turning to the nub of the matter:

"It's a battle of currency inflationists against the well-considered proposal of the former Secretary of the Treasury. Long leads the fight, backed by silver advocates and by half a dozen other spokesmen for discarded monetary theories."

Serious as the filibuster is in its immediate results, several observers see an even greater significance in this outbreak by the Louisiana Senator. It presents another big problem to President-elect Roosevelt, they say. He must be either for or against Long, and to be for him means a break with the conservative Democratic leaders. In either case a Democratic split is seen.

Then, too, some think that the filibuster is the forerunner of a new conservative-liberal line-up in Congress, with Long aiming to upset the apple-cart and make himself a Senate power. It is recalled that last year, soon after he came to the Senate from the Governorship of Louisiana, he defied Senator Robinson, the Democratic leader, and resigned all his committee memberships in protest against Robinson's leadership.

SOME observers are able to grow facetious over the filibuster, but most editors attack it without regard to the merits or demerits of the Glass bill.

Why is a filibuster tolerated? "The only answer," says Frederic William Wile in the *Washington Evening Star*, "seems to be that no Senator is willing to put an end to a practise which he conceives may some day serve a purpose of his own."

But "the rules should be changed," asserts the *Indianapolis Star*, speaking for many papers, "to make it possible to carry on the business of the nation in spite of the Huey Longs who may be in the Senate."

Hopefully, observers look to the ratification of the Norris Amendment abolishing the lame-duck session, for this means, as the *Boston Daily Globe* points out, that "the time limit will be removed," thus making a filibuster futile—

"A Senator who makes a noise may tire his colleagues, but he can not hold out for a sufficient period to bring them to his terms, because there will be no date set for the end of their deliberations."

Mr. Hoover Proposes a Punch at Mars

IGNORING MR. HOOVER AND ALL HIS WORKS seems to be the policy of Congress as the Hoover term wanes.

His recommendations fall on deaf ears. His warnings and demands fail to bring action.

Or most of them do.

All the more impressive, then, is the fact that the Senate Foreign Relations Committee looked and listened when the President spoke, and then acted on his request with an alacrity that must have surprized him.

It's about the embargo on arms to belligerent countries. And it starts another quarrel at Washington and in the press over its efficacy in promoting peace.

Some see the peril of creating precisely what we want to avoid—war. Some say that the President's plan for an embargo on arms must be carried out if we are to escape the charge of playing a hypocritical rôle—providing arms for belligerents while pleading the cause of peace. Others think the proposal futile.

In a special message to Congress, President Hoover urges immediate ratification of an international convention for the suppression of international trade in arms and ammunition and implements of war. The convention was signed at Geneva June 17, 1925, and has been before the Senate for six years.

"Recent events," says Mr. Hoover, "have emphasized the urgent need of more authority to the Executive in the control of the shipment of arms from the United States for military purposes"—

"There can be no doubt that the control of such shipments to areas of prospective and actual international conflict would greatly aid the earnest and unceasing efforts which all nations now make to prevent and lessen the dangers of such conflicts.

"However, for one nation alone to engage in such prohibitions while other nations continue to supply arms is a futility. Moreover, it would tend to give advantage to one nation over another by increasing the potentiality in manufacture and skill of non-cooperating nations."

BUT if it is impossible, "as seems to be the case, for the Senate to now ratify this treaty," the President urges that legislation be passed "conferring upon the President authority in his discretion to limit or forbid shipment of arms for military purposes in cases where special undertakings of cooperation can be secured with the principal arms-manufacturing nations."

Prompt action resulted. Senator Borah, Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, a foe of the Geneva treaty, promptly submitted a resolution giving the President authority over arms shipments, and the committee quickly gave it a favorable report.

"It was obvious that expedition of the resolution was caused by conditions in South America," says the Washington correspondent of the *New York Times*. "Bolivia and Paraguay are conducting hostilities there over the Chaco, and reports indicate that clashes are imminent between other nations."

But the resolution must pass both Senate and House, we are

reminded, and some observers believe it will be lost in the legislative jam.

On the same day that the Foreign Relations Committee acted, President-elect Roosevelt was quoted as favoring an arms embargo in principle. He had not read the President's message, but he told a reporter for the *Baltimore Sun*:

"I have long been in favor of the use of embargoes on arms to belligerent nations, especially to nations guilty of making an attack on other nations—that is, against aggressor nations."



Strangled at the Roots

—Bishop in the *St. Louis "Star."*

NO action was taken by the committee on the treaty itself. Altho it has been ratified by fourteen of the nations that signed it, some of the ratifications being conditioned on the United States indorsing it, the treaty has met Senate opposition on the ground that it would work to the disadvantage of small nations. The American Revolution would have failed, said Senator Borah, if such a treaty had been in effect at that time.

With that many editors agree. But there is much praise in the press for President Hoover's advocacy of an embargo on export of arms. Most of the discussion centers in this feature of the message rather than in the recommendation for ratification of the treaty.

This "is a fit climax to President Hoover's war on war, which he has fought throughout his Administration," says the *Portland Oregonian*.

But, turning to the other side, President Hoover's advice on regulating by international cooperation the trade in war materials "is as weak as his program for regulating the liquor traffic," declares the *Newark Evening News*, which holds that, instead of depending upon cooperation of other countries, "the President should be given the power to declare an embargo at his discretion, whether other nations join or not."

OPPOSING the grant of power to the President, the *New York Evening Post* thinks "that Congress should not turn over to the Executive the power to declare the United States 'in' on joint arms embargoes"—

"Congress should hold on to the war-making power. We are opposed to turning any of it over to a State Department that has been making Japan angry while our first line of defense, the Navy, has been slipping down toward fourth place."

Many editors criticize our munition-makers.

"American munition interests," says the *St. Paul Daily News*, "persist in aiding foreign wars in violation of America's official treaty and peace policies. Unless this scandal can be stopt by the embargo method from endangering world peace and American foreign relations, the Government will have to take over the armament business."

But figures from the Department of Commerce do not reveal any such activity by our munition makers. Our exports of arms and ammunitions (including shotguns and fireworks) in 1931 totaled only \$2,163,520—\$1,648,468 less than 1930. And among the seventy-seven countries to which we sold, the leading purchasers were not at war.

A New Deal for Debtors

"FORGIVE US OUR DEBTS."

The cry goes up from thousands of mortgage-covered homes and farms, from railroads overburdened with fixt charges, from corporations practically owned by the banks that have lent them the money to keep going.

The debtors are with us by the million. The debts are with us to the tune of somewhere between \$146,000,000,000 and \$218,000,000,000, these being the minimum and maximum estimates of the total private and public debt of the United States.

The lightening of this burden is so essential a step toward ending the depression that for once even Speaker Garner agrees with President Hoover. The President's demand for legislation making easier and simpler debt readjustments without bankruptcy proceedings wins the practically unanimous applause of the press. And legislation is being worked out on Capitol Hill as rapidly as possible.

There must be protection of this kind, declares the *Dayton Journal*, for "the people and their institutions can never recover from the depression so long as all property is on the auction block for whatever it will bring." Stopping of the nation-wide epidemic of foreclosures is nothing more or less than "enlightened expediency," says the *Tulsa World*. Changes in the present laws to deflate capital obligations without actual bankruptcy proceedings are characterized by the *St. Paul News* as "an effort to squeeze out the wind and water of flush times without at the same time throwing the entire enterprise on the ash heap."

CONSIDERATION of revision of the bankruptcy laws was begun by Congress nearly a year ago after the investigation under the Department of Justice. But now President Hoover suggests that, without waiting for complete revision, partial emergency legislation be enacted forthwith. As he puts it:

"The process of forced liquidation through foreclosure and bankruptcy sale of the assets of individual and corporate debtors who, through no fault of their own, are unable in the present emergency to provide for the payment of their debts in ordinary course as they mature, is utterly destructive of the interests of debtor and creditor alike, and, if this process is allowed to take its usual course, misery will be suffered by thousands without substantial gain to their creditors, who insist upon liquidation and foreclosure in the vain hope of collecting their claims.

"Under existing law, even where majorities of the creditors desire to arrange fair and equitable readjustments with their debtors, their plans may not be consummated without prohibitive delay and expense, usually attended by the obstruction of minority creditors, who oppose such settlements in the hope that the fear of ruinous liquidation will induce the immediate settlement of their claims."

The bill now most likely to be enacted is a composite of several proposed measures. It will apply to individuals and to corporations, including railroads.

Without going into all the legal details of the bill, Mark Sullivan explains in the *New York Herald Tribune* that in the case of an individual, the hard-pressed debtor can appeal to a Federal Judge and state his circumstances. The judge then declares what amounts to a moratorium, and proceeds to supervise an

arrangement between the debtor and his creditors. Secured debts are thrown into a pool with the unsecured debts, although lien priorities are preserved. One important point is that a minority of the creditors are bound by a compromise entered into by a majority, which must be a majority of the individual debtors and also of the amount of debt. The arrangement must then be approved by the court as being "equitable," "feasible," "for the best interests of all the creditors," and promising the "financial rehabilitation of the debtors."

In the case of corporations the procedure is somewhat different. For instance, as Mr. Sullivan points out, to describe roughly a provision still subject to change, "if two-thirds of the bondholders or other creditors of an embarrassed debtor agree to a scaling down of debt, the compromise is binding on the other third."

It is hardly necessary to name the scores of newspapers which declare hearty approval of this kind of legislation. The *Hartford Courant* is sure that it is a definite step toward the adjustments essential to recovery; "its introduction may be said to mark the adoption of a new strategy in a battle on a hundred fronts." The *New York Journal of Commerce* explains:

"Our present legal procedure in equity receiverships and bankruptcies is a hangover from an earlier economic era, when the small enterprise and the individual entrepreneur dominated.

"At that time a moral and business stigma was attached to the inability to meet obligations in full and on time, and accordingly the law was burdened with a number of safeguards to protect the creditor. Many of these provisions have proved a boomerang for the latter, however, through increasing the cost of administration to the point where little is left at times for claimants against the enterprise being reorganized.

"The business depression and the sharp fall in commodity prices have made necessary corporate reorganizations on a scale never known before.

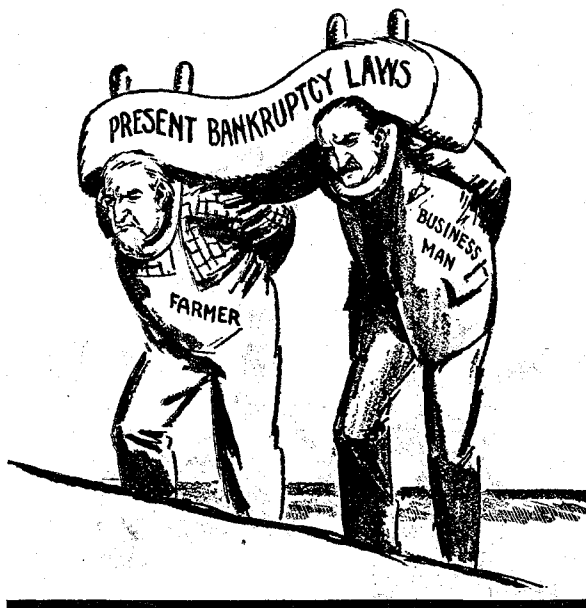
"Hence, the subject of bankruptcy reform, long a topic for academic discussion and occasional legislative debate, has been projected into the foreground of Congressional deliberations by the President's message and by agitation in banking, insurance, and other interested circles."

OF course, says the *Brooklyn Eagle*, "the law should be so framed as to guard against preserving great debtor companies so unsound they had better cease to exist." Congress, advises the *Baltimore Sun*, must be careful about "running up against the constitutional prohibition of laws impairing the validity of contracts, and against the due-process clause." And "there is also the ethical question of how far bondholders may be expected to go in the surrender of their rights without any compensating surrender on the part of stockholders."

One of the very few discordant notes comes from the *Camden Courier-Post*, which considers the call for revision of the bankruptcy laws "one more evasion of the nation's need, inflation"—

"It makes 'imminent bankruptcy' the requirement for relief from debt burdens which were incurred when the dollar was worth a dollar, and which now must be paid with a dollar which is worth closer to two dollars, in terms of labor or commodities.

"Instead of tackling the 'dishonest dollar' and putting it back in its place the administration calls for one more stop-gap."



Take Off the Yoke

—Macauley in the New York "Daily Mirror."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

WE could name some people on the air who should be given it.
—*Wheeling Intelligencer*.

IT seems now that the Great Wall of China has also attacked poor little Japan.—*Dallas News*

PRINTING municipal scrip is one way of making people spend their money at home.—*Publishers Syndicate*.

A LOT of the present activity in Washington can be described as the shuffle before the new deal.—*Arkansas Gazette*.

STILL, the railroads wouldn't need to haul so much else if they weren't hauling so much water.—*Los Angeles Times*.

WE'VE often wondered why the five-and-ten stores, these last few years, haven't carried a line of stocks and bonds.—*Toronto Star*.

PERHAPS France wants to save the money she knows she couldn't borrow for another war.—*Toledo Blade*.

JAPAN is learning that the hardest place to balance a budget is on the end of a sword.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

THE real test of the new deal will be whether it balances the budget by addition or subtraction.—*Cedar Falls (Iowa) Record*.

THE dollar goes farther these days. Ours have gone so far that we've lost track of them completely.—*New Britain Herald*.

AN authority estimates that Tin Pan Alley turns out 25,000 different popular songs a year. Different? Popular? Songs?—*Peoria Star*.

AND if the Filipinos want a few used Uplifters to tell them what they can't do with their liberty when they get it, the grand old U. S. A. can supply that need, too.—*Macon Telegraph*.

IF the inhabitants consume enough 3.2 beer to put the Government on its feet they'll hardly be that way themselves.—*Arkansas Gazette*.

THAT hesitant, half-hearted fighting in South America is a fair sample of war when it's fought on a cash basis.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman*.

TRAFFIC Fatalities in 1932 Cut 13 Per Cent.—Head-line. We pedestrians, it seems, are 13 per cent. better jumpers and dodgers.—*Arkansas Gazette*.

AN eminent financial expert declares that conditions are improving. Nevertheless we think that conditions are improving.—*Richmond News-Leader*.

AFTER listening to the repeal enthusiasts on the subject of imminent prosperity, you'd think all the horn of plenty needed was a little toot.—*Boston Herald*.

"FINAL peace may come rather quickly, or it may come slowly," says Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt. It is this sort of rash and unguarded statement that balls up the national situation.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

THE economist and the engineer must have a hand in our reconstruction, writes a magazine essayist. Personally, we see no objection to either, if he can have a hand in it without putting his foot in it.—*Boston Herald*.

THE Japanese General asked the Chinese defenders of Shan-haikwan to apologize for putting up resistance. This reminds us that President Hoover has never expressed his regrets to his successor for his discourtesy in carrying those six States.—*The New Yorker*.

"STUDENT Pays Tuition by Magician's Feats." Don't they all these days?—*Ohio State Journal*.

GOVERNMENT seldom understands that you can't keep prosperity in place with tax.—*Dallas News*.

THE political medicine-men, however, will hold to their faith in Quacknoocracy.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot*.

A NEWS item informs us that Clara Bow wants to write. From S. A. to essay or something.—*San Jose News*.

THE cult of nudism now has millions of enthusiastic followers—if you count the mosquitoes.—*Waterbury American*.

BEARS, we read, are very fond of berries and fruits. Also of wheat, cotton, copper, steel, rubber, and oil.—*Bridgeport Times-Star*.

ISN'T it strange how the rigid economy pledges now require stiff taxation to make them stand up?—*Dallas News*.

TRIMMING expenses is a Government's last resort when the taxpayers can stand no more trimming.—*Arkansas Gazette*.

JAKE paralysis appears to have been squelched completely. Now, let them start after the jack paralysis.—*New Orleans States*.

JUST now everybody seems to favor a more equitable division of wealth, provided he gets more than he's now getting.—*Boston Herald*.

"MAN is falling behind the machine," states the author of a magazine article. Well, that's a darned sight better than falling in front of it.—*Atlanta Journal*.

THERE are some 30,000 too many doctors in this country, a college survey discloses, and possibly we ought to eat an apple only every other day, to take up the slack.—*Boston Herald*.

IF you think the war between North and South ended in 1865 then you've never seen a man-and-wife bridge team.—*Stamford Advocate*.

WHAT we need is fiscal stylists who will not permit the government waste line to extend from the ankles to the neck.—*Arkansas Gazette*.

AN English banker says America's gold will prove a boomerang. Isn't a boomerang the thing that comes back?—*Vincennes (Ind.) Sun*.

Izvestia, official Communist organ, hails the successful completion of the Soviet Five-Year Plan. Those who argue the point will have their cabbage soup cut off.—*Detroit News*.

AS a matter of fact, the present purchasing power of the dollar is no higher than formerly if allowance is made for the time and ingenuity required to get one.—*Arkansas Gazette*.

OWEN D. YOUNG said that Insull's only fault was that he had too much faith in the United States. And even that little weakness has been overcome by the broadening influence of travel.—*The New Yorker*.

IT's hard to describe our feelings when we hear one of our squibs, relayed via quotation in THE LITERARY DIGEST, broadcast by a radio humorist over a coast-to-coast hook-up at a net profit to him of about \$8.33.—*Atlanta Journal*.

THREE Soviet leaders who surreptitiously helped some Ukraine farmers make a bit of profit on their wheat crop are to be shot for treason. Over in this much better governed country none of the members of our Farm Board will ever get shot for that.—*Macon Telegraph*.



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Japan: "Now Apologize and I'll Be Satisfied"

—Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service.

FOREIGN COMMENT

The Hunger Revolt in Northern Caucasus

DESPERATE TO DEATH for lack of food, the people of the Kuban region in the North Caucasus rose in fury against the Soviet Government.

The uprising lasted for almost two weeks, and cost unnumbered hundreds of lives. Conflict between the starving people and the authorities had been going on for months.

Moscow United Press dispatches speak of it as a bitter class war. They tell us, also, that it was coincident with one of the severest "cleansings" in Communist party history, involving the expulsion of thousands of members from the ranks.

The local newspaper at Rostov announced that the Supreme Court had imposed death sentences on twelve leaders of organized gangs composed of kulaks—propertied peasants—bandits, and former White Guards.

They were accused of plundering enormous quantities of grain from collective farms, of blocking grain-sowing campaigns, and of encouraging peasants to oppose collectivization.

One gang headed by Selikhoff and Babanin, exiled kulaks, well-organized and armed with rifles, fought off several attempts to capture them, and many escaped.

Another mob was led by one Barsukov, who is reported to have commanded at an earlier date a punitive force that killed many Red Army soldiers.

He afterwards concealed his identity, we are told, and became a member of the Communist party as well as the administrator of a grain-collective, which he robbed.

THE most dramatic story of the uprising against the Government appears in *Vozrozhdeniye*, an anti-Soviet Nationalist Russian daily published in Paris. This newspaper avers that the information it prints was communicated to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs of a European Power by a consul of that Power who is stationed in the Caucasus. We read:

"The Cossacks, who form a great majority of the population of the Kuban Region, rose against the Soviet Government in five districts which have a total population of about 150,000.

"The 'Army,' which they formed, was led by regular Cossack officers. All Cossacks capable of standing under arms, including old men of sixty and seventy, joined the ranks of the rebels and fought against the Soviets.

"It was a real war. The rebels procured firearms by taking possession of three Soviet army depots. They had rifles, machine-guns, and even automatic bomb-throwers. Artillery is the only thing they lacked."

Ominous signs of discontent began in the Kuban region as long ago as last fall, it appears, when the scarcity of food became acute. Famished and in despair, the people of that section began openly to attack caravans transporting grain to Moscow.

The grain was taken from the Cossacks by order of the Government. Almost daily, we read, armed encounters took place

between the hungry population and the Ogpu or Soviet Secret Police Agents who were in charge of the Red grain caravans.

When the Cossacks learned about the middle of October that the Government was preparing to exile some of the younger men of the Kuban region to the North, their fury broke all bounds, and this newspaper relates:

"The revolt began near the *stanitza*—a large Cossack village—Tikhoretzkaya. Altogether, 6,000 armed Cossacks and peasants gathered there, as well as thousands who had no arms.

"The rebels sent a detachment which, after a short battle with a small Red Army garrison, occupied Tikhoretzkaya. The Soviet officials and the Ogpu agents of the *stanitza* were either killed in battle, or fled to the city of Rostov.

"After this initial victory, the rebels easily took possession of all of the five districts around Tikhoretzkaya, with a total territory of about 250 square miles.

"In all the villages which fell into their hands, the local Soviets, Ogpu branches, and other Soviet institutions were annihilated.

"A 'temporary government,' headed by General Govorin—an old-time general—was formed by the rebels.

"From the neighboring villages, endless processions of volunteers and of peasant carts loaded with foodstuffs converged on Tikhoretzkaya—the local population was offering its support to the rebels.

"The inadequate Red Army units, sent from Rostov to quell the uprising, suffered a heavy defeat. In the first three days after the beginning of the rising, the rebels succeeded in seizing rich booty—four field-guns, eleven machine-guns, hundreds of rifles, and a large quantity of medical supplies.

"The general staff of the rebels did not order its troops to pursue the defeated Reds, but preferred to have its Army consolidate its positions, hoping that other districts would join in the revolt."

But, soon, the Soviet Government succeeded in concentrating a considerable force of infantry, cavalry and artillery near the territory occupied by

the rebels. Also, we are informed, the military cadets of two Red officers' schools were brought to the scene, and these units were placed under the command of a special "Group of Three." Shortly thereafter the decisive battle began, and we read:

"The rebels put up a stubborn resistance. They literally defended each square inch of ground. In the first five days of the battle, the Red Army hardly made any progress. Its bayonet attacks were invariably beaten off.

"Only on the sixth day did the Reds begin to get the upper hand, and that after having resorted to artillery and tanks. And it was only on the twelfth day that the resistance of the rebels was definitely broken."

The report of the unnamed Foreign Consul which contains the above information, *Vozrozhdeniye* adds, does not give the number of the killed and wounded in this war, but merely states that "dead bodies were strewn all around Tikhoretzkaya. By order of the Red commanders, no prisoners were taken—those who surrendered were killed on the spot."



A Soviet Warning

"The Ogpu grabs the kulak and all his joint enemies of the Government."

—"Pravda" (Moscow).

Gregor Strasser, Big Hitlerite Rebel

HITLER WAS HARD HIT when Gregor Strasser, one of his ablest and oldest supporters, broke away from him.

It happened in one of the fights between rival factions in the Hitlerite movement which followed losses sustained in the November Reichstag elections.

The crisis between Hitler and Strasser arose, explains the Berlin Socialist *Vorwaerts*, because of Hitler's failure to break into the "working-class front." The "working class," instead, this newspaper claims, broke into Hitler's front.

But now the gains of the Nazis in the Diet election on January 14 in the small State of Lippe-Detmold in northwestern Germany has revived their drooping spirits, it is said, and strengthened the "all-or-nothing" element in the party.

The little State of Lippe-Detmold, according to press cables, gave the National Socialists or Nazis 38,840 votes out of a total of 98,500, which is an increase of 5,800 over their poll in the Reichstag election. They obtained about 40 per cent. of the total vote.

This Nazi triumph brings Gregor Strasser again to the fore. He, according to some Berlin correspondents, was to be used as a chisel to split the Hitlerites by being taken into the Cabinet of Chancellor Lieut.-Gen. Kurt von Schleicher as Vice-Chancellor.

The Lippe election, however, has lowered his political stock, and the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* avers that if Strasser were to accept the Chancellor's invitation he would be expelled from the National Socialist party.

At the same time, Captain Goering, the Reichstag Nazi whip, is quoted as having said in a political speech during the Lippe campaign that Strasser is really one of the most violent haters of von Schleicher, and that he once confided to Goering that the General is "almost the most inefficient man ever to sit in the Chancellor's chair."

WITH new interest attached to Gregor Strasser the Berlin independent Democratic *Berliner Tageblatt* gives a close-up picture of him:

"This peasant-like, heavy, broad-shouldered Gregor Strasser, with the 'lower' Bavarian rounded cranium, emphasized chin, and under lip, the man with stimulating eyes and impulsive ways, sprang from an old family of apothecaries long settled in his native place. He, too, was originally an apothecary, and he conducted his business for a long time with diligence.

"Then came the war in which he took part with distinction—a thing that can not be said by any means of every man in Hitler's immediate following.

"Gregor Strasser joined the Hitler movement very early in its history. During Hitler's first putsch, or revolutionary attempt, which was nipt in the bud on May 1, 1923, Strasser sought him out in a motor-truck, with some machine-guns and about 140-odd weapons. Strasser was halted by the police and arrived at Munich too late.

"Then it was that an affair involving a word of honor occurred, which Strasser later, in the Reichstag session of October 19, 1931, sought to dispose of with his famous remark: 'In dealing with this system, I know no word of honor!'

"Gregor Strasser has courage and, at any rate, whatever else may be urged against him, he is no hypocrite. He is rather prone to a massive and unequivocal sort of speech which corresponds to the temperament of the type of Bavarian which he happens to be. After the luckless November putsch and during Hitler's

duration in jail, it was Strasser who kept the remnants of the party together."

Profound gratitude is due Strasser from Hitler, thinks this Berlin daily, because when Hitler was released from jail, there was at least a nucleus of his party left, so that its reconstruction "did not have to begin in a void." Gratitude was expressed on Hitler's part, it admits, for he made Strasser chief of his propaganda work, and we read:

"The rapid growth of the party in the following years is due mainly to the unexampled methods of Strasser in conducting the agitation for recruits—the fanatical obstinacy with which he hammered the party slogans into all heads, even those least endowed with comprehension, the cool calculation with which he built up the gigantic technical apparatus for the spread of the party creed, and the perfect ruthlessness with which every social class, every region of the country and every calling were permeated with seductive promises of good things to come even when those promises were often in mutual contradiction.

"There can be no doubt that Strasser's methods of conducting the party agitation were very much like those of the Bolsheviks."

THE latter fact, proceeds the *Berliner Tageblatt*, is due to the "Eastern slant" of Strasser's policy for the party of Hitler. This is said to be a contradiction of Hitler's own intent and purpose. Hitler seems to seek a rather unintelligible and vague Middle and Western European combination, including England, Italy, and Germany, but this newspaper points out:

"Strasser, on the other hand, seems to be clear in his own mind that the National Socialists or Nazis, if they attain power, can hold it only if they fulfil the aspirations of the majority of their followers—the newly proletarianized former middle-class masses.

"This means an anticapitalistic policy of which the logical conclusion would be a friendly, even if neutral, attitude toward Russia.

"At any rate, the capitalistic patrons of the Nazis are prone to declare that Gregor Strasser is the only man in the whole leadership of the party who can think clearly about economic relations and events, and with whom it is possible to talk coherently.

"Gregor Strasser has dreams—or so it is alleged—of being in the Government of the Nazis, once formed, the German Stalin or all-powerful general secretary of the party while Hitler fills the more decorative paternal seat of Kalinin in the Soviet republic."

STRASSER is biding his time, adds this Berlin commentator, and feels he will be called back to the party to guide it in the Bolshevik direction. But to the Socialist Vienna *Arbeiter Zeitung*, such a remark is ridiculous, for it holds that:

"The backbone of the Nazi Fascist movement is the small business man, the small trader, the little individual in trade.

"In every country in every decisive stage of modern development this petty burger class of little people, once set in movement, must either subordinate itself to the proletarian working class or else return to the domination of capitalism.

"This is the deeper underlying meaning of the strife between Strasser and Hitler. At the critical hour the 'German Socialism' of the little man in revolt drops away from him and Hitler's 'tendency to capitalism' gains the upper hand. The shock troops of German Fascism rebel. The Brown Battalions mutiny.

"But Hitler, who holds the key to the strong-box, holds on to power. And he himself remains in the hands of those who put money into the strong-box—the capitalists."



Keystone-Underwood

He Broke With Hitler

Because, some say, Gregor Strasser was aiming the German Fascist party in the direction of Bolshevism.

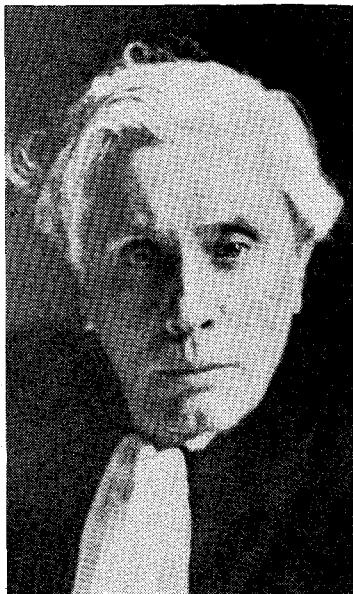
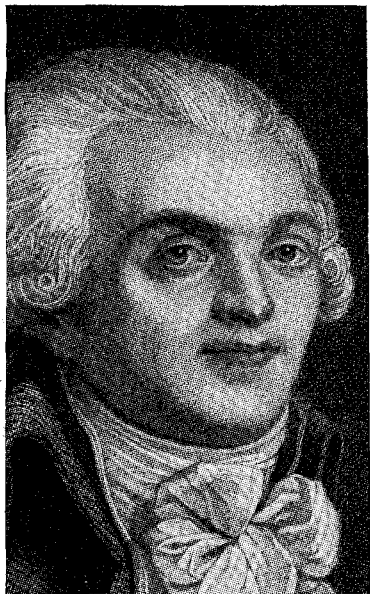
France's Robespierrean Premier

SUCCESS AS PREMIER OF FRANCE may make Joseph Paul-Boncour historically famous.

But he might have had a greater career as an actor.

This is the friendly humorous remark of a German editor who thinks that no admirer of the theater can contemplate the gestures of Paul-Boncour, the make-up of Paul-Boncour and the effects produced by the eloquence of Paul-Boncour, without regretting that one so richly equipped for a stage career should have missed his glories.

His histrionic talents, the *Hamburger Fremdenblatt* points out,



Keystone-Underwood

"Robespierre and Robespierrot"

Joseph Paul-Boncour, France's Premier and a famous lawyer, is said to look and to make up to look like Robespierre, statesman of France's Reign of Terror.

impart tone to debates in the Chamber of Deputies and brilliance to arguments before those French courts of law where Premier Paul-Boncour is one of the most brilliant practitioners.

To the general gaze the outstanding feature of the Premier is the striking resemblance he is said to bear to France's Reign of Terror statesman, Robespierre, and another German analyst of the leader of the present French Government, the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, observes:

"People say that Paul-Boncour bears a striking resemblance to Robespierre. Paul-Boncour himself believes this. Above the fireplace of his magnificent law office stands a bust of the great Terrorist.

"Every time Paul-Boncour leans against the mantel, his duplicate in marble seems almost to hover above him like a perpetuation of himself.

"This white-haired lawyer, Paul-Boncour, leading statesman of France, may secretly pine for something of the rigid firmness of the immortal and unpurchasable Robespierre.

"But Paul-Boncour himself is a man of probity like the advocate Robespierre, and Paul-Boncour is not stubborn and never has he carried an ideal to the point of insanity, for the simple reason that he has no ideology, no ideality.

"He belongs on the contrary to the class of mobile personages in the public life of France who left their party just at the moment when its fundamental principles were directed like iron weapons against the bulwarks of reality."

The French Premier, who is in his sixtieth year, is further described by the *Frankfurter Zeitung* as "a typical specimen of the French statesman who has never been in Germany." Or if he has, it adds, his visit must have been brief and casual. He is French to the marrow. France is the beginning and the end of his world, and this daily continues:

"At any rate, the progress of events in Germany has never inspired in Paul-Boncour any other desire than that of looking well to the growth of French 'security.' He is the classical instance of the man who arms, be it by means of big guns, or through treaties. He has contributed much to the idea in France among her leading men that the recovery, the strengthening and the inner renewal of Germany must be confronted as a menace of war.

"Paul-Boncour is, in a word, a patriot of both the eloquent and the bellicose type in which the great French Revolution was so prolific. The organ of the French Jingoos, the *Echo de Paris*, refers to him always as a patriotic, indeed as a chauvinistic, man, but a Jingo whose patriotism exhausts itself in salutes to the flag.

"This is sheer misrepresentation. Paul-Boncour has done a great deal more for his country than simply take his hat off to the tricolor.

"But he has never struck out new or unexpected paths with the exception of his assent to universal military service in Germany. Even in this detail he is a true son of the great French Revolution. Professional armies are to Paul-Boncour odious and even a menace to the liberties of the people. More than any one else Paul-Boncour has realized that a people's army is more easily controlled and supervised (from an international standpoint) than is the closed corporation embodied in a military force made up of professionals.

"All the world knows what Paul-Boncour's white and beautifully groomed head of hair is like, the head of hair which the somewhat undersized man, despite his slightly bowed shoulders, keeps well thrown back upon his neck.

"We all know that Robespierre was rather vain and had himself powdered and barbered every day."

IN the appearance of Paul-Boncour, this German journal goes on to say, there is "a singular blend of refinement and coarseness," but the blend is alluring and in any case "provocative." So the personality of Paul-Boncour is not one to be overlooked, and we read:

"He is so likable and so magnetic that his former comrades of the Socialist camp never take umbrage at the grand style in which he lives and at the highly capitalistic tone of his practise at the bar."

A parallel portrait of the French Premier, but by an English hand, appears in the London *New Statesman and Nation*. This writer asserts that Premier Paul-Boncour exploits his slight resemblance to Robespierre to the utmost. His hair, neckties, and hats, without being "fancy dress," are said to be the nearest possible approach to the fashions of 1793. The comic papers call him "Robespierrot," and this informant goes on to say:

"What is more, his mentality is in the best tradition of the great French Revolution. That was why he never made a good Socialist. Boncour is incapable of thinking internationally, for he is essentially national and patriotic in his outlook. He has romantic notions about the sacred mission of France—the country which launched upon the world the Declaration of the Rights of Man, and which tried to follow it up by the Geneva Protocol—a sort of Declaration of the Rights of Nations.

"His latest security plan claims to be in the same tradition. In French politics Boncour represents the Jacobin tradition—*La patrie en danger*, the Nation in Arms, the Champion of Freedom and Democracy. He is capable of speaking in the most pompous Convention style.

"With such ideas in his head he never quite felt at home with the Socialists. His 'genre 1793' failed to impress them. There were bitter conflicts between him and Paul Faure, the representative of the Creusot proletariat. How could there be anything in common between 1793 and the *Internationale Ouvriere*?

"After twelve years in the Socialist party Paul-Boncour became a Senator and an Independent. Socialism was cramping his style and ruining his political career. He is fifty-nine. Had he not joined the Socialists after the war, he would probably have been Prime Minister long before now. But better late than never."

LETTERS AND ART

LITERATURE / DRAMA / MUSIC / FINE-ARTS / EDUCATION / CULTURE

"Cavalcade" as a Film Outshines the Play

"THE FINEST PHOTOPLAY yet made in the English language."

Anyway, that is how it seems "at the moment."

"Cavalcade" is the play, and that is the qualified superlative that Richard Watts, Jr., of the New York *Herald Tribune*, makes himself responsible for, and it must be added that most other critics approach him closely in appreciation.

"Cavalcade" was originally an English play, by Noel Coward, that covered the high spots of the Empire's history from the Boer War to the present.

For Hollywood to make it acceptable to American audiences seemed a daring venture. But the result shows that the film "transcends nationalistic boundaries and overflows into universal terms," as Thornton Delehanty avers in the New York *Evening Post*.

He goes even further:

"You may be stirred in the beginning by the picture's intense and stately patriotism, but in the end you are conscious only that this England of which Mr. Coward writes is your England, and that its history and its destiny are at once bound up with you and with all that you can feel and sense.

"The fact that one can be caught up and held by these emotions in view of the admittedly alien premise is something to wonder at. People who saw the stage version in London told me, after the performance last night, that the picture is in every way the superior. It is just as well that they told me so, for, if they had said otherwise, I wouldn't have believed them."

Just to make plain the pageant of events, we cite the summary of Irene Thirer in *The Daily News* (New York):

"Noel Coward's story has to do with the *Marryot* family of London and their servants down-stairs. The locale at start is 1899—Boer War time. *Robert Marryot* is about to forsake his charming wife and two small sons to fight the war in Africa.

"Down-stairs, *Alf*, the butler, is packing his bag, despite the tears of his wife *Ellen*, the maid. He, too, will leave his family behind—he has a tiny daughter named *Fanny*. But British women must be brave. And, eventually, the war is over, and both the master and the butler return safe and sound.

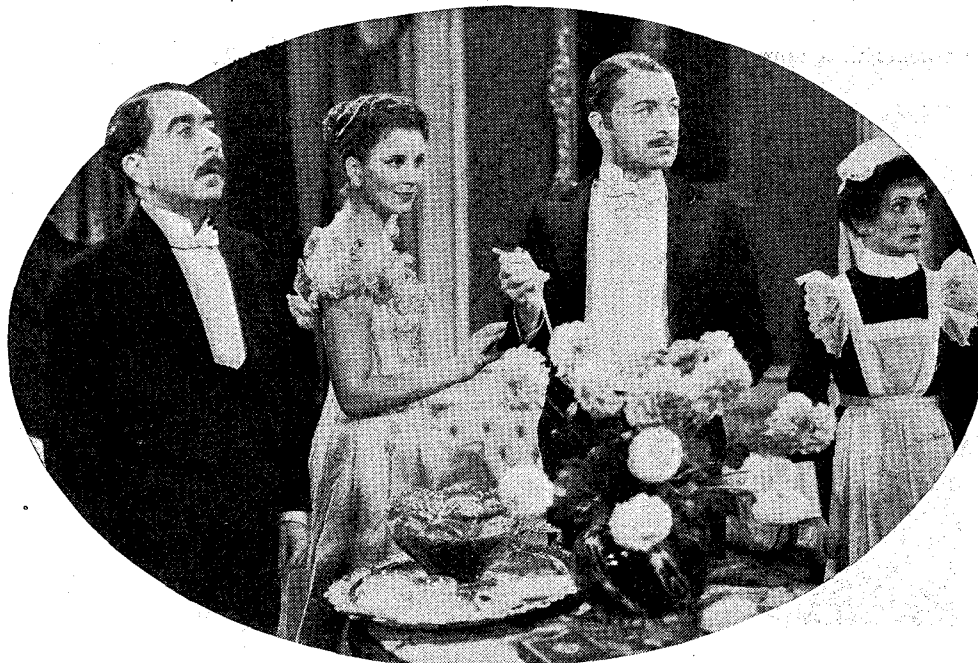
"The years elapse. *Alfred*, who had been a loving husband, has bought a public house and drinks the profits. He is cruel to his wife and vicious to his little daughter, fast becoming accomplished in the art of dancing. And he meets death at the hoofs of a team of runaway horses turning the curb near his pub.

"More years elapse. *Marryot* is *Sir Robert* now—knighted for his gallantry in the Boer War. His son *Edward* marries a lovely girl who had been his childhood chum. They honeymoon—on the *Titanic*. And more years pass. It is 1914. Father and younger son now fight for England in the World War. And mother must be brave. *Sir Robert* comes out of it safely, but ironically enough the news of *Joie's* death is received by his grief-stricken mother on the very day of the Armistice when *Ellen*, now the snooty *Mrs. Bridges*, is visiting and telling *Lady Marryot* that her daughter, to-day a famous actress and really beloved of the deceased *Joie*, is quite good enough for the Marryot scion."

So stated, one might concur in Mr. Watts's verdict that "the

stage original was merely a good English version of a George M. Cohan show," but listen to his "unashamed" dithyrambs:

"The idea of the American cinema attempting to transfer to an alien medium and an alien nation the wistful annals of an English family, from Queen Victoria to Ramsay MacDonald, was something to invite ridicule. One of the climaxes of 'Caval-



Waiting for Big Ben to Strike

"Mr. and Mrs. Marryot" (Clive Brook and Diana Wynyard, center), "Alfred," the butler (Herbert Mundin) and "Ellen," the maid (Una O'Connor), drink a toast to the New Year—which brought the Boer War.

cade' is a scene in which it is announced to a London music-hall audience that Mafeking has been relieved. Another is supplied merely by the sight of a family watching sadly the funeral procession of the English Queen.

"Certainly it would seem that here were matters that were unlikely to stir even a receptive first-night New York audience. Yet, in the picture, these and other episodes in the annals of a foreign nation result in one of the greatest and most thrilling of the screen dramas.

"It is, in fact, one of the definitely exciting events in the history of the American screen, both in its results and its implications. As drama it deserves even that difficult word, 'inspiring.' As an indication of the possibilities of the local cinema, it demonstrates an unerring taste and a deft, intelligent imagination that are not usually to be expected in the films.

"It was a courageous gesture on the part of the Fox organization to make it, and it is a sign of definite achievement that they have succeeded so brilliantly."

"'Cavalcade' is not a flag-waving melodrama, but is a hymn to what is best in a national spirit.

"The invariably brilliant acting of the cast, in particular, is represented by the really magnificent performance of Miss Diana Wynyard, as the wife and mother; and the admirable work of Clive Brook, Frank Lawton, Margaret Lindsay, and the most engaging group of child actors extant, play an enormous part in making the screen version superior to that of the stage."

Mr. Coward is not among those authors who shudder at the film version of their plays. The New York *Times* prints his cablegram to Charles B. Cochran, producer of the play in London:

"I have just seen the 'Cavalcade' picture, and it is quite unbelievably good. They have adhered strictly to the play, and it really is a glorious achievement in every respect."

American Leadership in Modernist Poetry

DON'T THINK THAT "TOADS," "business documents," or "schoolbooks" are beneath the dignity of poetry. They are just as "valid as birds and flowers" for poetic material, declares Marianne Moore, American poetess and editor, up in arms against the old poetic diction.

Like it or not, we are apt to see such commonplaces in the poetry of to-morrow.

Quoting her, a writer in the London *Morning Post*, signing himself "Sentinel," seems content to accept American leadership in matters of modern poetry, and he calls the roll of our poetical insurgents with approval. Walt Whitman, whom the British

in what she calls the 'solemnest of industries enacted upon earth':

*The sweeping up the heart
And putting love away
We shall not want to use again
Until eternity.*

Her unadorned verse has the brightness of fused quartz; her simplicity is as subtle as Blake's. And this solitary, who keeps her selfhood inviolate, utterly despising publicity:

*How dreary to be somebody!
How public, like a frog
To tell your name the livelong day
To an admiring bog!*

is now perhaps the chief guide of those younger poets, who wish not to be deceived by any comfortable illusions, old or new, but to know the whole bleak truth of things.

"To seek truth, to know the worst as well as the best of things, is the chief ambition of the confessed modernist in poetry. He is not to be confuted by the praiser of the poetry that has been (in the sense of having no message for the modern world) who recites his favorite passages in a loud, fruity voice. As a truth-seeker, he must cast away the old poetic diction: the decorative polysyllables, which are opalescent on paper, and all the worn similes and phrases and the imitations thereof, which have ceased to be the symbols of living thought and emotion. A poet, like a philosopher, must devise his own terminology. The trouble for him is that profest lovers of poetry have so long been used to the debased coinage that they think it the only genuine currency. Modern poetry, they think, has gone off the gold standard."

AMERICA, he declares, is "richer in modernist poetry than this land of literary conventions"—meaning England, of course. And he turns to the recently repatriated T. S. Eliot, who had seemed to forswear forever his native country:



Armistice Celebration (1918) in Trafalgar Square

One of the great mob scenes in the film "Cavalcade."

like to remind us "has never been as highly esteemed in his own country as in ours," made use of all such charter rights in language without asking permission of the critics:

"But he was able to create poetry with an elemental abandon like primitive nature's or like the mood of the wilderness winners ('there's nothing holding us'), whose trails he followed across the brink of sunset. He was the poetic hero of America's one and only heroic age which begat Lincoln and R. E. Lee, and the nameless pioneers of the open ranges and gold diggings and forest camps; the inventors of the V-shaped flume and the square sett for mining.

"America is constantly producing original poets whose full influence, proving that poetry is a progressive art, is not felt until a generation or two after their death. Edgar Allan Poe, who had as much to do with making Baudelaire as Swinburne, and is still an inspiration (with Edith Sitwell, for example), is the earliest example.

"To-day Emily Dickinson, with whom verse and vision were one, has found her posthumous reward in the allegiance of a generation fifty years ahead.

"She faces a universe which is neither friendly nor unfriendly without the least touch of Housman's metaphysic swagger (he seems to be always saying: 'Things couldn't be worse, but they sha'n't get me down'), without rancor or repining. The universe is, and I am; let us not allow the evasions of gentility to prevent our solving the problems, each for himself, of adjustment.

"So, if those we love are gone forever, then we must engage

"Thus the great cities of to-day, walled up to the skies and roaring like the sea, walk abroad in the verse of Carl Sandburg and others. Yet they, too, like Kipling, can show us how romance brings up the 9.15. But unquestionably the greatest of all the new poets and the most influential is T. S. Eliot, who is to the youngest poets of England as well as of America all that A. E. Housman was to the generations into whose souls entered the irony of the Great War. He was born into the strictest sect of Bostonian culture; his school of prosody was Milton; and he has now returned to Harvard, having in fifteen years spread through the meadows of Isis and the Cam (yes, and of the *Riv' gauche* and the Spree), a veritable epidemic of Eliotitis.

"He saw the modern world as it is, rejected all the conventional prettinesses, resorted to spoken speech for an infinite variety of fresh rhythms. Yet much of his earlier verse is but uncanny cleverness. Thus he makes the youngest of the Magi recall the difficulties and discomforts of his star-led expedition:

*A cold time we had of it
Just the worst time of the year
For a journey, and such a long journey;
The ways deep and the weather sharp,
The very dead of winter
And the camels galled, sore-footed, refractory,
Lying down in the melting snow.*

"But he is made to forget the great star in the violet hour before the dawn, and to be doubtful whether it was birth or death he journeyed so far to see. Others may behold 'the night of stars' (one of the debased coins of imagery), above the squalid, splendid city, but this poet meets the night-wind in a mean street:

*Every street-lamp as I pass
Beats like a fatalistic drum,
And through the spaces of the dark
Midnight shakes the memory
As a madman shakes a dead geranium.*

"Indeed there was a danger that he himself would trample on poetic conventions with a conventionalism of his own, and become one of the 'hollow men' of his famous fantasy, whose dried voices are meaningless as 'wind in dry grass or rat's feet over broken glass.' But now the secret splendor of living triumphs over the visible squalor of existence, and he becomes a mystical poet apart like Paul Valéry. He hears the dusty noises of a sick civilization simplified into something rich and strange:

*And voices are
In the wind's singing
More distant and more solemn
Than a fading star.*

Soviet Freedom for Caricaturists

THE TOURIST MAY NOT SNAP HIS KODAK in the streets of Moscow without compromising his relations with the G. P. U.

But the Moscovite caricaturist enjoys an unheard-of independence.

One may assume without exaggeration, writes Serge de Chessin in *L'Illustration* (Paris), that "the caricatures of the



In a Collective Dining-room

Client leaves by will to his son the second course which never comes.

Bolsheviks will take a place of prime importance in the archives of future historians," for, so he believes, "they offer practically the only documents susceptible of illustrating daily life as it is led under a régime where everything is attained through official propaganda."

Yet in a situation where subservience to the higher powers is universal, caricaturists "are free to

ridicule the errors of application of an ideal." It is even more astonishing that "the country of Gogol profits by this tolerance in presenting the most faithful and sometimes the most terrible mirrors of Communist life."

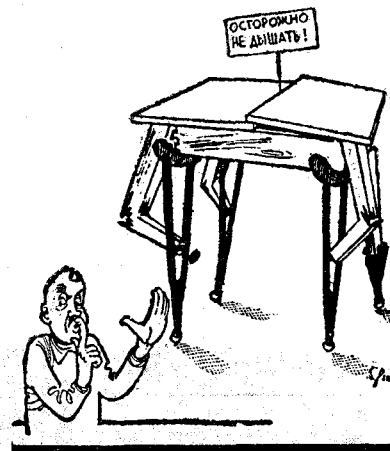
THIS is one of the strangest of contradictions:

"Under the reign of the Soviets, as was the case in the Empire, Russian humor exercises itself to the detriment of bureaucracy. Instead of attenuating the chicaneries of the administration, instead of mitigating the arrogance and laziness of the officials, we find that the Russian Revolution has inundated Russia with an ocean of ink, has submerged her under a constantly swelling avalanche of scribbles. It would be truly difficult to find richer material with which to nourish the caricaturists, and the Soviet artists do not cease exploiting it, and using their pencils as avenging knouts.

"Because of a miserable quality in production and an insufficient and defective allotment of the necessities of life, the caricaturists enlarge on these themes which so closely touch the vital preoccupations of the Soviet citizen. It is quite obvious that the more one sees of these caustic and biting sketches, the more one realizes that the Russia of 'industrialism,' the Russia of the Five-Year Plan, is not exactly a land of Cockaigne."

In spite of its depressing aspect the Communistic diet gives rise to jokes which seem irresistible. "The Russian caricaturist pulls in his belt another hole and appeases his hunger with sarcasm." For we are told:

"An alimentary phantasmagoria represents a long line of pigs, chickens, vegetables, etc., approaching in endless line the stores of the State; a line even longer than that of the stampeding crowds in front of the empty shops. In order to cope with the insufficient quantities of butcher's meat, which last year amounted to a deficit of 31 per cent., it was said, some time ago, that the Soviets intended establishing 'republics of rabbits,' and according to the humorists, by order of Stalin, the rabbits offered to convert themselves into meat pies and stews. But all in vain, the officials of the co-operatives fled before the intrepid advances of these mammals when in reality shipments were paralyzed by a scarcity of cars and packing-cases. (*Izvestia* of July 4.)



"Do Not Breathe!"

Sign on table after first meal.

"As a supreme deception, the rabbits are missing from the menus of the 'collective dining-rooms.' While waiting for a roast which does not come, a desperate client wills it to his heirs! But reality can also inspire caricatures of a radically opposite nature. In more than one 'dining-room' the meal check given to the consumer is good for only twenty minutes. (*Pravda* of July 11.)

"The alimentary industrialization has not yet its Brillat-Savarin. In revenge, it has its Daumier.

"Reality sometimes surpasses the imagination of the best caricaturists; numerous *kolkhozy* received rubbers carefully selected for the left foot only; a dry-goods trust producing for the country districts flooded them with silk petticoats and city dresses; the leather trust, instead of boots, generously offered portfolios and handbags to the muzhiks. There was a case where, instead of shoes, the villages had to content themselves with suspenders, cosmetics, and manuals on gynecology! Even a clientele as denuded of everything as the Russian people will turn away in indignation."

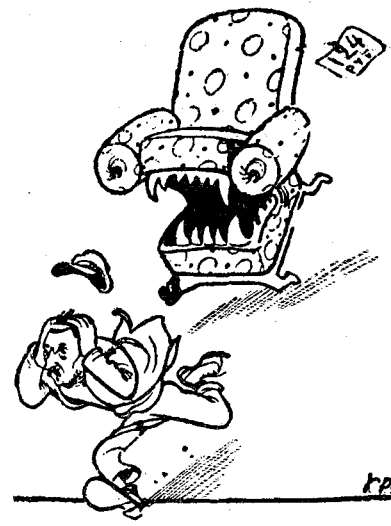
The Cover

THOSE terrors of the sea, icebergs, are given a forceful representation on our cover in "70° North."

Whether the polar-bear is to be regarded as a figure of fate depends upon whether his base, too, has broken from its land moorings.

Of the painter, Frederick S. Waugh, a paragraph in *The Art Digest* (New York) informs us:

"Waugh was born in Bordentown, New Jersey, in 1861, the son of Samuel B. Waugh, portrait-painter. He studied at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts and at the Julien Academy in Paris. At the age of seventy-one, he is perhaps more widely represented in the museums of the world than any contemporary American marine painter. Besides having examples in practically every important museum of his native land, Waugh's reputation has spread to far-off South Africa, where one of his works hangs in the Durban Art Gallery, Natal."



Prices That Bite

Soviet furniture made by the State.

RELIGION AND SOCIAL SERVICE



"Cocktail Parties Are Not as Interesting" as a Buchman House Party

Foreign guests at the gathering of the First Century Christian Fellowship at Briarcliff Manor, New York, whose members confess their sins to each other and obtain guidance, they say, from God. In the second row, center, with his hat resting on the grotesquery, is Dr. Frank N. D. Buchman, Lutheran minister, who founded the movement.

The Oxford Group—Genuine or a Mockery?

IT'S "LIKE TAKING A BATH," says Miss Mary Richmond, daughter of a British Admiral, Sir George Richmond, after confessing her sins at a Buchman house party.

It's "more fun" than running about to cocktail parties, agrees Miss Marie Clarkson, a student at St. Hugh's College, Oxford.

The sin-shedding movement has brought him peace and happiness and a new kind of life, declares Russell Firestone, son of Harvey Firestone, the rubber manufacturer. "Even tho we don't serve cocktails, all our old friends are glad to visit us."

Others who testify to the change wrought in their lives by the First Century Christian Fellowship include barons and bootleggers, admirals and socialists, professors and stock brokers, ministers and newspaper men, a kilted Scot and high-school students. Curtis B. Dall, son-in-law of President-elect Roosevelt, is interested in the movement, and it has the endorsement of Bishop William T. Manning of New York, and of many others eminent in the religious life of the United States, Canada, and England. It has spread, too, to Germany, France, and South Africa, and, from all accounts, is as contagious as one of the early crusades.

As recited in these pages, May 28, 1932, the First Century Christian Fellowship—called by its followers the Oxford Group—was founded at a Pennsylvania College twenty years ago by Dr. Frank N. D. Buchman, a Lutheran minister. It is described as an attempt to get back to the old truths of Christianity by a sharing of experience and a public confession of sin. House parties are conducted where periods are set aside for a "quiet time," when the lines are kept open between the members and God, and for "sharing" sins by public confession. This public confession, it is said, should be under guidance, and a sin should be confessed only once.

A HIGH-SCHOOL sophomore confessed at one of the sessions at the recent house party at Briarcliff Manor, New York, that high-school boys and girls in Westchester County have formed mixed drinking clubs at which Bacchanalian orgies are staged. At his school, he says, it is called the Mug Club. "We go out late," the *New York Daily News* quotes him as confessing. "We drink all night until no one can hold any more." At one such party, he testifies, we read, "girls became drunk, and rolled all over the floor. It was a terrible thing; terrible; but now I have seen how

wrong it is, and I have changed." Similar testimony was given by another sophomore, who also has "changed."

But lest any one think that these purgings of soul are purely sophomoric and sensational, we turn to the testimony of men and women of position offered at a big mass meeting in the Waldorf-Astoria, where every one of the 2,300 seats was occupied. Bishop Manning, who was ill, was represented at this meeting by Suffragan Bishop Arthur S. Lloyd. A telegram from Bishop Manning, read by the Rev. Samuel M. Shoemaker, Jr., rector of Calvary Protestant Episcopal Church, said, "Your group is making a great contribution to the life of the Church at large by emphasizing the need and the power of personal faith in Christ."

A special endorsement from Oxford University was brought by the Rev. L. W. Grensted, professor of the Philosophy of the Christian Religion, who said, we read in the *New York Herald Tribune*, that the movement "has friends everywhere among those who are responsible."

"I knew everybody worth knowing, and I had done everything worth doing," testified Miss Clarkson (mentioned above), "and it became monotonous. I met this group, and then I found that cocktail parties were not as interesting as their gatherings. I found that Jesus Christ had work for me to do."

ANOTHER convert to the fellowship, Dr. Philip Marshall Brown, professor of International Law at Princeton University, said: "I wonder how many of you husbands and wives have the joy of fellowship in such a movement. It is nothing new, but it has a freshness. It is a great flood-tide surging into the Church."

There, too, were the ex-Communist, James Watt of Edinburgh, who was active in Fifehire in the general strike of 1926, and William Gilliland, eighty-four-year-old reformed bootlegger, who goes by the name of Bill Pickle.

"Frank Buchman was my benefactor," said the ex-bootlegger. "Sixty-three years I spent in sin and folly. But the religion of Jesus Christ washed it all away."

At the other end of the life-scale was George Wood of Aberdeen, eighteen, dressed in kilts. "I saw a great change in my mother when she came into the group," he testified. "She had been a nervous wreck. Now she is helping other women. And I saw a great change in my father. He was a hard-hearted business

man. And I have seen fellows who through the movement now even get on with their mothers-in-law."

"Six years ago my life was a chaotic mess," testified Mrs. Shoemaker, wife of the Rev. Mr. Shoemaker. "I was having a very good time, but I did not have any purpose. The Oxford Group taught me how to find God."

Among others noted by the reporter at this mass meeting were former Gov. Charles S. Whitman and his daughter, Miss Olive M. Whitman; Curtis B. Dall, son-in-law of President-elect Roosevelt; William H. Edwards, known as Big Bill Edwards; Mr. and Mrs. Aymar Johnson, Mrs. August Belmont, Mrs. William J. Schieffelin, and many prominent clergymen.

AFTERWARDS ten days were spent by some of them at Briarcliff Manor in "quiet times" and "guidance," "sharing" and "life-changing." More than four hundred attended the house party, we read in *The Herald Tribune*. The party is described by Dr. Buchman as "at once the first step in, and in a sense a training ground for, a mighty effort to do the group's plain duty at this time to lead and shape the revival we can see coming that is the only hope of the world."

An intensive campaign throughout the United States is now under way. Dr. Buchman is heading a team of more than sixty on two chartered railway-cars across the continent, and then up and back through a dozen large Canadian cities.

Two-thirds of the team, Dr. Buchman told the New York *Herald Tribune* correspondent, will be living entirely by "faith and prayer." They have neither jobs nor independent incomes, and they devote their lives to the group. Friends, we read, are guided to give them what they need.

"Dr. Buchman himself, whose blue suit and excellent English shirt and shoes, combined with his stocky figure, sharp nose and piercing, bespectacled eyes make him look especially like a prosperous business man," says the correspondent, "lives by 'faith and prayer alone,' and has done so for a number of years."

After the American tour, said the founder of the fellowship, "there will be activity all over Europe":

"We are throwing three hundred into Glasgow in September anyway. It's the only answer. France, South Africa, England, everywhere. The other day an authority told me it was the only solution of the Danzig problem. The President's social trends report indicates there will surely be a revolution in this country. We are going to make it a spiritual revolution. What hunger marchers need is to be changed."

THIS new crusade has already swept through Canada, from which Dr. Buchman and some of his group have but recently returned. "Their message," says the Montreal *Daily Star*, "has excited the curiosity of thousands, many of whom have felt that some revivifying influence was greatly needed to quicken the spiritual aspirations of the whole world."

But some others do doubt its genuineness and suspect it of being a mere dilution of real religion. A general adoption of the movement, writes Dr. Halford E. Luccock in *The World Tomorrow*, would be "a religious calamity of the first order." His contention of "the utter unfitness of the message and emphasis of the movement as an adequate expression of Christianity in this day of extreme need," says Dr. Luccock, "is not made from the ethical or economic point of view, but on distinctly religious grounds."

In place of the "moral majesty of the God of Jesus," says Dr. Luccock, who is professor of Homiletics at the Yale University Divinity School and a well-known writer on religious subjects, "the emphasis on guidance in the most inconsequential details of etiquette and daily program expresses a conception of a deity almost completely absorbed in sending down hourly directions to His favorites. One of the inner circle of the group leaders once exclaimed on God's goodness in removing the clouds from a mountain in India on the only occasion that Dr. Buchman had

to see it! Many other instances of 'guidance' are on a spiritual par with that example."

The Fellowship's idea of sin, continues Dr. Luccock, "is nothing less than a caricature of the profound conception of sin to be found in the New Testament." In fact, as this Methodist writer sees it:

"There is evident neither any understanding of atonement nor of the social nature of sin in such a complicated human network as men are involved in to-day.

"The deep and crucial issue of the forgiveness of sin, so central in historic Christianity, seems to be easily taken care of by a 'washout,' a glib and jaunty substitute for the august religious conception of the forgiveness of sin found in the New Testament.

"Confession to human hearers seems to get all the emphasis, and converts are told that 'it is not nearly as hard as it seems.' It is not as hard an experience as forgiveness in the New Testament, certainly! The sins confessed are often merely peccadillos, imperfect sympathies, unkind thoughts, pride and temper. Or they are individual sexual sins.

"The sensitive consciousness of the grievous burden arising from the sense of participation in the social brutalities and cruelties of our civilization, that conscience without which Christianity to-day is only a moral mockery, is absent from the emphasis of the movement. That sense of social involvement in sin can never be absent from any adequate Christian experience."

Survival of the Fittest

ONE OUT OF EVERY TWENTY-TWO business and industrial concerns went into bankruptcy during the past three years, and one out of every six banks has been closed.

But the churches, colleges and hospitals have survived the depression far better than the country's business and financial institutions.

Only one out of every forty four-year colleges has been closed because of financial lack, one of every forty-five hospitals, and only one in every 2,344 churches.

These figures are given in a study made by A. C. Marts, president of Marts and Lundy, Inc., of New York, which he announced recently to the Southern Methodist Educational Association.

Two main reasons for this survival record are given by Mr. Marts, we read in *The Reformed Church Messenger*:

"The first is that our churches, colleges, and hospitals have been far more conservative in their expansion plans than business.

"Business has usually borrowed money for expansion, and the aggregate debt on business and industry is well over 50 per cent. of its valuation. Our philanthropic institutions have usually raised the money before they expanded, and have cut their cloth to fit their means. Consequently, there is only a 10 per cent. aggregate debt on all our 210,000 church edifices, and only a 4 per cent. aggregate debt on the property and endowments of our 680 colleges.

"Indeed, the churches, colleges, and hospitals which are in the worst financial difficulties to-day are those which violated the conservative practises, and borrowed money for new buildings. They are having a desperate struggle to maintain their work and service their debts."

THE other chief reason given by Mr. Marts for this survival record is the unselfish attitude of ministers, college presidents and faculties, and hospital employees. Many have initiated cuts in their salaries to meet decreased income quickly and enable their institutions to survive.

"Our churches, colleges, and hospitals," concludes Mr. Marts, "have shown themselves thus far to be sound of heart and body. The winter will prove a tragic test for many of them, but their friends are proud of their seaworthiness thus far, and are wishing for them a safe voyage to the quieter seas that are before us."

To Squelch the Alimony Racket

WHILE HIS WIFE IS LIVING in luxury in a fashionable part of New York City, enjoying a life of revelry, with a limousine and chauffeur to take her about, a man is languishing in jail in Albany for failure to pay her alimony. He must stay there as long as he is in arrears.

Another man has been a prisoner on a similar charge for thirty months.

The peculiar workings of the alimony laws are instanced in another case, reported in Brooklyn. As the case is summarized in the news, the wife has adopted a policy designed to keep her former mate in jail. When he was \$4,500 in arrears in his alimony, she applied for his commitment for contempt of court, not for non-payment of the whole sum, but for amounts ranging from \$200 to \$600. If he was able to pay on any occasion, the wife immediately served another order. Four times he was able to pay, but on the fifth he failed and was put in jail. That was on August 7, last. Then on October 10 he managed to raise the sum called for and was released. As he walked from jail the woman's sixth order was served, and he was forced to return.

In seeking a way to release him, Supreme Court Justice Taylor of New York says, "it appears that the imprisonment of this man will be terminated only by his death unless the courts find some way to give him relief. Life imprisonment was not and is not the intent of the law."

The Kings County jail is now primarily a home of alimony prisoners, says the New York State Commission of Correction in the report of its inspection. And "the hopelessness of possibly 50 per cent. of the cases in this jail to do anything except stay in jail, at a heavy expense to the county," says the Commission, "is deplorable."

In other county jails of New York are alimony prisoners who have been there two to three years, writes John Walker Harrington in the New York *Herald Tribune*. In California is a much-cited instance of a "divorcee martyr," a husband imprisoned four years for failure to pay alimony. Similar instances abound in other parts of the country.

BUT there is a ray of hope for them. In releasing a husband from jail recently, Justice Alfred V. Norton, of the Supreme Court of Brooklyn, says in his decision that the law is not served by imprisoning a man for a debt growing from marital infelicities if he has neither money nor property on which to levy.

"Possibly there may come a time," runs the decision, "when ameliorative legislation will remedy an otherwise archaic rule of law. Under it alimony is allowed to continue during the husband's imprisonment, irrespective of the merits of the situation. Certainly while the defendant languishes in jail he is an economic waste. He can not be expected to meet current obligations either with respect to his own support or for the maintenance of any other person."

This decision, says Mr. Harrington, will furnish good ammunition for the National Divorce Reform League in its campaign in New York State, where it hopes to obtain passage of two important bills framed to correct the abuses of alimony collection. This organization is also extending its activities, we read, throughout the United States, with the aid of its 21,000 members. The League is a recent amalgamation of three bodies, the Alimony Payers' Protective Association, the National Sociological League, and the Divorce Reform League.

Under the legislation proposed in New York imprisonment for failure to pay alimony arrears would be discontinued. Those who maintained they could not pay or give bonds or security for payment would be put on parole. If they have no property on which to levy, and are unable to furnish bond or even retain counsel, they are not likely, points out Mr. Harrington, to get any stronger financially by being in jail. Under the direction of the court such persons will be released to hunt for jobs diligently and required to make payments promptly once they are employed or have been able to attend to their business.

A Short-Cut to Riches Cut Short

GET TWO .38-CALIBER REVOLVERS.
Get two .32-caliber revolvers.

Break into a jewelry store and get all you can.

Get yourself a woman.

Rob a store of about \$150.

These are "the requirements of a philanthropist," as set down by two ambitious youngsters. They had set out to conquer the world in short order, but, fortunately for themselves and their intended victims, they fell asleep in a Kansas City hallway and were picked up by a considerate policeman. They had gone that far from Zanesville, Ohio.

Among other important documents found on the persons of the two—Charles Deffenbaugh, sixteen, and Emmett Bowman, a year or so older—were letters to hotels in various parts of the country asking for reservations of suites at specified dates. The itinerary had been carefully arranged.

The key plan listed twenty-five American cities where the imaginative youngsters were to collect nearly \$2,000,000. They were to be gone about two years on the hunt for fortune. After forcing tribute from selected American cities they were to go to Monte Carlo, which was to give up \$100,000. They knew their Scotch, and limited Edinburgh's contribution to \$5,000, to be collected in five weeks.

Strange to say, New York was assessed at only \$25,000, whereas the collection from Columbus, Ohio, was put at \$60,000, of which the banks were to furnish \$50,000. Kansas City wasn't assessed at all. But it was from Kansas City that they obtained the only money they did get—and that was to pay their fare back home. The odyssey ended in court.

WHEN the two boys were brought before him, Judge Carlin P. Smith took a personal interest in them.

"It's tough for me right at Christmas time," the judge said, as the story is reported in the Kansas City *Star*: "but you both belong at home. Can I trust you to go home?"

"Yes, sir, we want to go home now," said Charles, reputed "master-mind" of the two.

"Gee, I want to go home," piped up Emmett. They hadn't robbed a single bank, and were satisfied.

The action of Judge Smith followed several days of investigation and correspondence by Miss Agnes Shannon, welfare worker of the South Side court in Kansas City. It developed that neither mother was able to forward money for the return passage of her errant son. It was also shown that home conditions were largely if not wholly, responsible for the boys' desire to adventure forth for themselves.

Mr. Deffenbaugh, a printer, had lost his job, and, with his wife and four children, had moved to the home of his mother and three sisters. All were crowded in a six-room house, and that was too confining for Charles. Mrs. Bowman wrote that she couldn't send money as she was in enough difficulty with six children already.

"Well, your bus leaves at three o'clock. Good luck and be good boys," said Judge Smith.

The Travelers' Aid made arrangements for the tickets. So ended the high adventure—in ignominy, but not disaster.

THE incident suggests various reflections to the New York *Times*:

"For instance, you never can tell what's inside of a boy's head. Why, in this so berated machine-age, do we hear nothing of the application of the spanking machine?"

"But the profounder moral of the tale is obvious. These younglings, taking the form and pressure of the time, had a 'plan' for their financial and economic restoration. They didn't try to carry it out. If they had, no doubt their success would have been equal to that of the ten million or more planners, each with his sure recipe for 'saving the world'—a picayune 'problem' compared with that of these youngers to do Edinburgh out of \$5,000 in five weeks."

That Fatal 60 seconds

THE ONE MINUTE OF DELAYED LUBRICATION
THAT CAN RUIN YOUR MOTOR

use **instant action**

100% PENNSYLVANIA

VEEDOL

FOR WINTER... SPECIAL LOW COLD-TEST OILS AND GREASES

In that FATAL 60 SECONDS between your garage and street—VEEDOL saves your motor!

In that one minute, sluggish cold-thickened oils will let your motor actually run dry!

But VEEDOL prevents this motor-wrecking minute. Because it gushes instantly to every vital part of your motor in the first second of movement.

VEEDOL lubricates perfectly at *all* temperatures. Because it is triple dewaxed at 55° below zero, cold-proofed against the bitterest winter weather. And heat-proofed against the highest heats your

engine can reach—far above the boiling point.

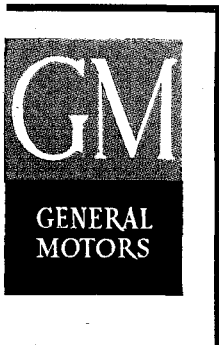
VEEDOL is made 100% from the finest, richest crudes ever found in Pennsylvania. Refined to give you longer life, more toughness and protection, greater economy... by the world's largest refiners and marketers of Pennsylvania oils.

For complete car protection... from below zero to above boiling... always use VEEDOL Motor Oil. There are special winter grades of oils and greases for your motor, gears and chassis.

A TIDE WATER ASSOCIATED PRODUCT



**GREATEST PROCESSION OF VALUES
IN GENERAL MOTORS HISTORY**



This year, of all years, look to General Motors for outstanding values. For Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick, La Salle and Cadillac, each now presents striking new models. Examine these new cars and you will find—given in fuller measure and expressed with finer artistry—all the excellent qualities for which General Motors cars are known. And, in addition, you will discover many new features; notably Bodies by Fisher styled in an entirely new and modern manner, with that most important contribution to greater comfort and safety—the new Fisher No-Draft Ventilation, individually-controlled. . . . These, and many other improvements, characterize the entire line, from Chevrolet to Cadillac—all backed

by the safeguarding tests of the General Motors Research Laboratories and by long and thorough trial upon the Proving Ground. All are manufactured to standards which make no compromise for the sake of the low prices which prevail. In brief, General Motors has brought about the most impressive advances, in every price group, that it has ever yet achieved. A visit to any salesroom where these cars are shown will prove to you that this year brings the greatest values in General Motors history.

• • •

The GMAC convenient time payment plan is available on all General Motors products sold to the public

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Bad Habits of Motorists

WHAT'S WRONG WITH MOTORISTS?

This question—asked of traffic officials, policemen, garage men, filling-station employees, battery men, engineers, and motorists themselves—brings an answer that may be summed up in one phrase.

“Bad habits.”

Therein, perhaps, the motorist does not differ from any other group. Yet a list of his bad habits is imposing. Says William Ullman in a bulletin of his Feature Service (Washington):

“One list was submitted by a traffic official who explained its



Just a Little Careless

A Milwaukee man trod on the gas instead of the brake as he drove his new car into his new brick garage, and shot right through the rear wall into his neighbor's tomato patch. Neither he nor his daughter with him was hurt.

shortness by the fact that he ‘included only the very bad ones.’ Here it is:

“Lack of knowledge of traffic regulations and failure to keep up with changes and modifications.

“Inattention.

“Failure to give signals, or giving them in an indifferent fashion.

“Driving in the middle of the road.

“Using poor judgment in passing vehicles going in the opposite direction.

“Failure to keep the car in a safe mechanical condition, especially with reference to brakes, tires, headlights, and steering.”

IF one word were used to describe how this group appraises the individual car-owner's attitude toward his car, that word would be “slovenly,” asserts Mr. Ullman.

It is slovenliness when the motorist fails to understand the mechanism of his car and its maintenance-needs. It is slovenly not to put in ten gallons of gas when the tank will take that much instead of merely ordering five. It will save time and inconvenience to have the tank filled, but he does not think of that. It costs no more money. But, the car-owner is slovenly. Just a habit. To quote further:

“That the motorist is a creature of habits (‘all bad,’ according to the confessions of several) is reflected in:

“Radiators filled with rust and lacking in water.

“Crankcases always just a little bit short of oil, and often filled with oil that has long since passed a state of real usefulness.

“Batteries that die in twelve months from excessive thirst.

“Tires that give only half of their potential mileage due to underinflation and excessive brake-use combined with poor wheel-alinement.

“Cars that are full of squeaks and rattles, due to the fact that they never have been put in the shop for a simple tightening up to prevent further wear.

“Cars that give about 50 per cent. of their potential performance, due to the general mechanical neglect.

“Bad habits, all of these. They began, individually, with the motorist's feeling that ‘I ought to have that done, but I'm too busy to-day.’ He was too busy the next day, the day after, and the day after that. Finally, not doing the thing that should be done became a fixt habit, and a bad one.

“According to the wives of a number of motorists who have answered the question ‘What's wrong?’ it is not necessary to look at a man's driving or his car to tell that he is a creature of all bad habits. Their disposition is to waltz the interrogator down to the family garage and—well, there's the evidence.

“Bad habits, it seems, like charity, begin at home. So far as

the motorist is concerned, they start early in the morning when he backs the car out of the garage, and then drives away without getting out to close the doors. Now, the garage-owner as well as every one else knows that it is not good for garage doors to slam and blow around all day. However, on several mornings he was too late to take the time to get out and close them. At the end of these several mornings, leaving them open had become a habit.

“Scattering the tools and greasing-equipment all over the place became a habit in the same way.

“Failure to clean up the garage floor, remove the oil that is so hard on tires, and sweep out the dust and dirt that blew in through the always opened door—there is another habit that is bad.

“According to the groups who contributed to the list of bad habits, there is a constructive side to their suggestions. It is simply that the thing to do about a bad habit is to supplant it with a good one.

“A beginning-point, they say, is to find out just what bad habits one has. The lists above might help.”

What Spoiled the Peaches

IN other days, when oranges spoiled in transportation, or canned fruit failed to keep, if our daddies couldn't locate the trouble, they said, “Oh, well—it must be something in the soil—or the climate.”

We know more about it nowadays, says *Chemistry and You* (Los Angeles), and it tells this illustrative tale:

“It was in the rush of peach packing, last summer, that a California cannery found their product going bad. It wasn't defective cooking, or sealing, because there was no ‘swell.’ Peaches are not acid enough to attack the container, and the can company experts, wise fellows, schooled in many kinds of trouble, proved that there was no defect in the cans.

“Thank goodness, they didn't blame our climate!

“The chemist was called—early. Others had investigated all the accessories, and pinned the spoilage down to one ‘line’ of canning machinery. So the chemist began by asking the spoiled peaches what they had to say for themselves.

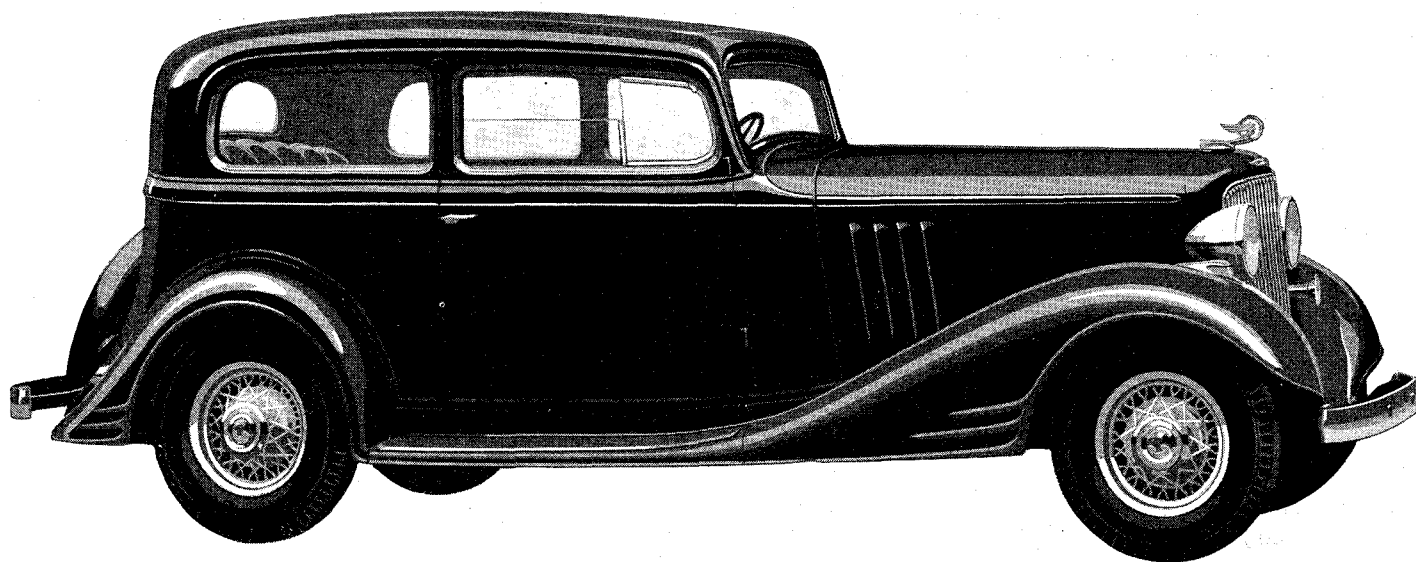
“And they said a mouthful, those dark, bilious peaches, with the bad breath. Analysis disclosed pinhead specks of—rubber! Something in the rubber compound worked with the peach acid to cause spoilage.

“Where did the rubber come from? Having found something to look for, the chemist went over that ‘line,’ just looking. In a few minutes he found a chafing belt, sprinkling particles of rubber in the peaches.

“Did you know that many cargoes of canned fruit have been going out of California this season? Bound for England, in anticipation of higher tariffs resulting from the Ottawa Conference.

“That cannery was packing fifteen thousand dollars worth of peaches daily. Its dangerous trouble was cured for two cents, by spreading a newspaper under the innocent rubber belt.”

BIG CAR COMFORT *and* STRAIGHT EIGHT PERFORMANCE *are* NEW *to the* LOW PRICE FIELD



The 2-door Sedan, \$635, f.o.b. Pontiac, Mich. Special equipment extra.

\$585

And up, f. o. b. Pontiac, Mich.
Easy G. M. A. C. terms.

NO MATTER how little you spend for a car, be sure that you get your money's worth. That's why we urge you to see and drive the new Pontiac Economy Straight 8 before you buy any low price car!

The first cost is low. And low operation costs, too. The wheelbase is 115 inches, and the curb weight of the 4-door sedan is 3265 pounds. That means big car riding comfort—and remember that only a big car can give it.

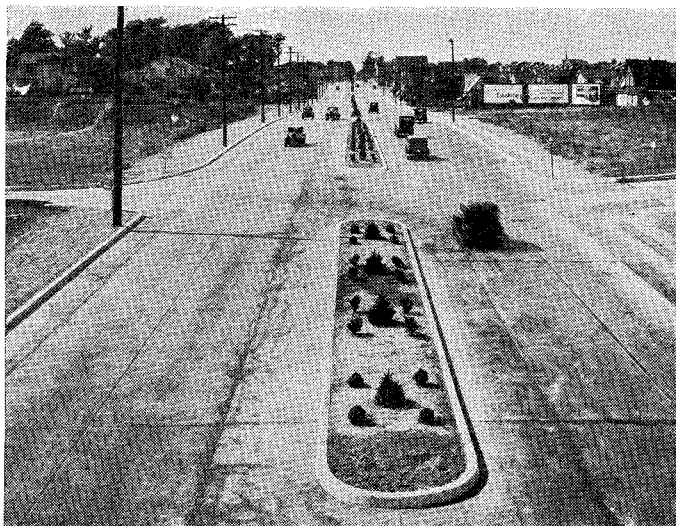
Pontiac's big Straight 8 engine develops 77 horsepower. It's naturally smooth and quiet—then it's cushioned in rubber to remove every trace of vibration. The new Pontiac will make 78 actual miles an hour—and more! There are beautiful new Fisher bodies, with wider seats and better upholstery. There's the famous Fisher No-Draft Ventilation (individually-controlled) that makes driving safer and more healthful in every kind of weather.

Use the simple chart at the left as your guide to value—look beyond the price tag and choose the car that gives you most for your money!

LOOK—DRIVE—COMPARE				
CHECK THESE FEATURES	PONTIAC Economy Straight 8	OTHER CARS		
		CAR No. 1	CAR No. 2	CAR No. 3
STRAIGHT EIGHT ENGINE	YES			
FISHER NO-DRAFT VENTILATION (Individually-Controlled)	YES			
WHEELBASE	115 inches			
CURB WEIGHT (4-door Sedan)	3265 pounds			
FULL-PRESSURE LUBRICATION (Rifle-drilled connecting rods)	YES			
SPEED	78			
HORSEPOWER	77			
DELIVERED PRICE (Your favorite model)				

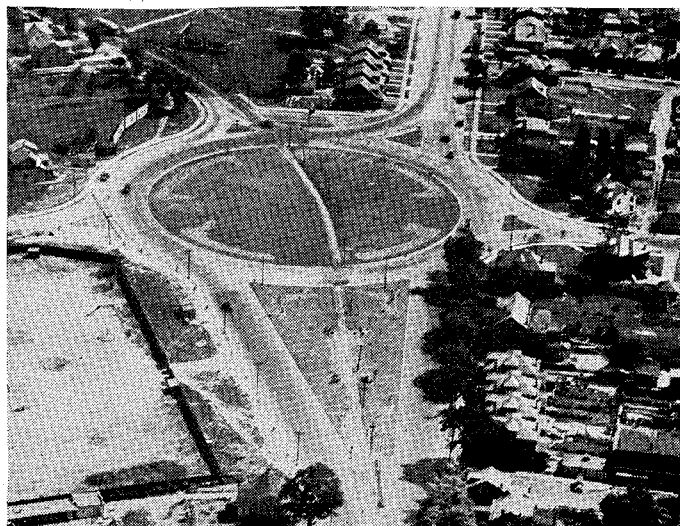
PONTIAC *the economy* STRAIGHT 8

A G E N E R A L M O T O R S V A L U E



Illustrations by courtesy of the American Society of Civil Engineers

Typical New Jersey Divided Roadway



Traffic Circle Near Trenton, New Jersey

"Safe Vehicles, Plus Safe Roads, Plus Safe Drivers, Equal Highway Safety"

Fool-Proof Rural Roads

THE FOOL-PROOF ROAD is becoming more common. Wide, built in two sections separated by a parked strip, having no grade-crossing with other roads, it practically eliminates such accidents as are due to careless or faulty construction.

How it does this is explained in *Civil Engineering* (New York), by J. L. Bauer, State highway engineer of New Jersey. He says:

"The aim of the modern highway builder is to provide a roadway that will be convenient, safe, economical, and scenic.

"The formula enunciated by the American Road Builders' Association, 'Safe vehicles, plus safe roads, plus safe drivers, equal highway safety,' should always be kept in mind by the engineer as far as it applies to 'safe roads.'

"A new highway is frequently planned as a relief route to one already existing. In such cases the best practise is to by-pass centers of population. To the town, this has the advantage of relieving traffic congestion in the business section and probably lessening accidents; to the motorist, it means a quicker and safer trip.

"Wherever possible, rights-of-way should be 100 or 120 feet in width, and utilized for building roadways with a central space twenty to thirty feet wide, which is parked and planted. The advantages are many: elimination of head-on collisions and of head-light glare; provision of a central neutral space at intersections; safer crossings for pedestrians; and confining of traffic to its proper lane on curves and steep grades.

"A turning circle at a highway intersection is not at all new. In many cities such circles have been used for years. Such circles are usually laid out on a diameter of from 175 to 400 feet. The greatest advantage of the circle from the standpoint of traffic control is that the motorist must slow down, thus gaining full control of his car.

"Underpasses and overpasses are frequently constructed on main roads for safety, and generally connections are provided between the two intersecting routes.

"In order to handle traffic more expeditiously and safely, New Jersey has constructed a number of viaducts and deprest roadways.

"On the new highway from Jersey City to Trenton there is now being completed a viaduct that overpasses two rivers with fixt-span bridges at an elevation of 135 feet above tidewater. Combined with that previously provided, it will obviate grade crossings between the Holland Tunnel in Jersey City and Elizabeth, a distance of about thirteen miles."

The three-lane highway now in quite general use has called forth opposition both from engineers and the public, but Mr. Bauer thinks that it has a definite sphere of usefulness, especially on long sections where travel is unobstructed and on those where the greater part of the traffic is in one direction in the morning and in the other at night. A highway traffic-capacity survey made in 1930 and 1931 disclosed that the capacity of a two-lane highway is 1,000 vehicles per hour, that of a three-lane highway is 2,000.

More Girls Than Boys Have T. B.

MORE GIRLS THAN BOYS die of tuberculosis.

The reason is—just because they are girls.

This is the gist of a report submitted to the National Tuberculosis Association by Edna E. Nicholson of its research staff, after an investigation of every death from tuberculosis in a single year among girls between fifteen and twenty-four in Greater New York.

Jessamine S. Whitney, statistician of the Association, under whose direction the study was made, said, "Twice as many girls as boys fall victims to tuberculosis during this age period. Such a discrepancy should not exist." We read in one of the Association's press bulletins:

"Tuberculosis symptoms tend to be recognized too late in most young women. Wide-spread education as to the recognition of early symptoms and prompt and consistent treatment are probably the methods from which we can expect the most success. The death-rate will probably always remain higher for young women, yet much can be accomplished in saving these young lives."

HER painstaking method of gathering the facts and the exhaustive analysis to which they were subjected have enabled Miss Nicholson to refute some popular theories about young girls, and to portray the "typical" girl who dies of tuberculosis in New York City. We read:

"She is not the girl who gads about drinking, smoking, and concentrating on wild parties. She is not a diet faddist, nor does she overstrain herself in athletics. Neither is she a downtrodden factory worker from the slums.

"She is apt to be the third in a family of five children, one of whom died fairly young. Its income is in the neighborhood of fifty dollars a week, and the girl spends her entire life at home.

"For almost two years she does clerical work about seven and a half hours a day. She wears the usual type of clothing, has a good appetite, and does not diet. She has not, to the knowledge of her family, ever been in close contact with an active case of tuberculosis.

"When out of school a little over three years, the first recognized symptom appears. In about a year she dies.

"In general tuberculosis is found to strike at the educated and uneducated about equally, with a slight deviation toward the better educated group.

"There is no evidence to support the theory that employment of young women is responsible. This theory has been widely supported by well-informed students.

"If it is true its effect could be expected to reach its peak in New York City. Astonishingly enough, this group shows a lower death-rate in New York City than for the same group in the country as a whole, and the girls who never have been employed show greater tendency to die of tuberculosis than the employed.

"Less than 16 per cent. of the girls were reported to have been

(Department continued on page 30)



You should know the Truth about the cigarettes you smoke



A great deal of confusion has been caused by certain representations made in cigarette advertising. A clamor of competitive claims has bewildered the public. We have received hundreds of letters asking us the truth about the conflicting claims of various brands. Because Camel first popularized cigarette smoking, because Camel has sold more billions of cigarettes than any other brand, we were the natural people to write to. And we are the natural people to tell the facts about cigarettes. We have always offered an honest cigarette, honestly advertised.

Turn the page...and read the facts

(CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE) **You should know the Truth**

1. Question: What is the mildest cigarette?

Answer: The fact that a cigarette is insipid and tasteless does not mean that it is mild. The fact that it has been artificially flavored or scented does not mean it is mild. Mildness means that a cigarette is so made that it is gentle and non-irritating *without sacrifice of flavor*. This is almost entirely a question of the quality of the tobaccos and the skill in their blending. Practically all of today's popular cigarettes are manufactured and rolled in much the same way. The difference comes in the tobaccos that are used. While the irritating effects of cheap, raw tobaccos can be removed to some extent by intensive treatment, nothing can take the place of the more expensive, naturally *fine* tobaccos. The *mildest* cigarette is the cigarette that is made of the *best* tobaccos. *It's the tobacco that counts.*

2. Question: What cigarette has the best flavor?

Answer: There are just three factors that control the flavor of a cigarette. The addition of artificial flavoring. The blending of various tobaccos. And the *quality* of the tobaccos themselves. Quality is by far the most important. Cheap, raw, tobacco can be disguised in part by artificial flavoring. *But it can never equal the goodness of mild, ripe, costly tobaccos.* Adding a number of poor things together will not make a good thing. And when you consider that domestic cigarette tobaccos vary in price all the way from 5¢ a pound up to 40¢ a pound, and imported tobaccos from 50¢ to \$1.15, the difference in cigarette flavors is readily apparent. Tobacco men long ago learned to choose, for flavor, the cigarette blended from the costlier tobaccos. *It's the tobacco that counts.*

3. Question: What cigarette is easiest on the throat?

Answer: The easiest cigarette on your throat is the cigarette that is made from the choicest ripe tobaccos. *Cheap* grades of tobacco are, as you would naturally expect, *harsh* in their effects upon the throat. And there is a peppery dust occurring to some extent in all tobaccos. Finding its way into many cigarettes, this dust has a decidedly

irritating effect. A special vacuum cleaning process has been developed that removes all trace of dust. The absolute rejection of inferior tobaccos and elimination of this dust represent the highest standards ever attained in cigarette manufacture. The cigarette that is blended from the most expensive tobaccos under these modern conditions is as non-irritating as any smoke can possibly be. *It's the tobacco that counts.*

4. Question: What about heat treating?

Answer: This is one of the real superstitions of the tobacco business. All cigarette manufacturers use the heat-treating process. But harsh, raw, inferior tobaccos require considerably more intensive treatment than choice ripe tobaccos. High temperatures conceal, to some extent, the harsh effects of low-cost tobacco, although this parching process may produce a rather flat and lifeless flavor. But neither the heat treatment nor any other treatment can take the place of good tobacco. Heat can never make cheap, inferior tobaccos good. *It's the tobacco that counts.*

5. Question: What cigarette is coolest?

Answer: Many myths have been woven around "coolness." The facts are simple: Coolness is determined by the speed of burning. *Fresh* cigarettes, containing as they do 12% moisture, burn more slowly than parched, dry cigarettes. That is why they smoke cooler. This makes the method of wrapping very important. Improperly wrapped cigarettes begin to dry out as soon as packed. They smoke hot and dry. The Humidor Pack, although more expensive, gives protection ordinary cellophane cannot equal. It is made of 3-ply, **MOISTURE-PROOF** cellophane, tailored snugly to the package, and **WELDED** into a seamless envelope. Air cannot get in. Freshness cannot get out. The cigarettes are always in prime condition. An illusion of coolness can be achieved by adding certain chemicals to tobacco. But even chemicals cannot do more than mask the heat of quick-burning, dry tobaccos. The coolest cigarette is the *freshest* cigarette—the least irritating, the one that has the costliest tobacco. A cigarette blended from expensive tobaccos tastes cooler than one that is harsh and acrid. *It's the tobacco that counts.*

CAMELS

about the cigarettes you smoke

6. Question: What is the purest cigarette?

Answer: All popular cigarettes are made under sanitary conditions unsurpassed even in the packing of foods. All cigarettes are made with practically identical modern machinery. Uniformly fine cigarette paper is used. If any single manufacturer should claim superior purity it could only be interpreted as a confession of weakness *unless he pinned his claim exclusively on the tobacco he used*. Purity in a cigarette lies in the tobacco used. Choice grades of tobacco, from which even the fine dust of the tobacco itself has been removed, are less irritating, therefore "purer" than inferior tobaccos. *It's the tobacco that counts.*

7. Question: What about blending?

Answer: Even if other manufacturers should in the future use the finer, more expensive tobaccos which go into Camels, they would still be unable to duplicate Camel's *matchless blending*. Tobaccos are blended to give a cigarette its own distinctive *individuality*. The characteristic delicacy and flavor of the Camel blend have won not only the esteem of the American public, but the sincere admiration of other cigarette manufacturers, who have spent hundreds of thousands of dollars and years of effort trying to discover how the costly tobaccos in Camels are blended. But in vain. Camel's *matchless blend* is a priceless asset. Yet its fine full flavor is made possible because Camels use *more expensive* tobacco. *It's the tobacco that counts.*



It is a Fact, well known by leaf tobacco experts, that Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand. We actually pay MILLIONS MORE every year to insure your enjoyment.

(Signed) R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
Winston-Salem, N. C.



**NO TRICKS
...JUST
COSTLIER
TOBACCOS
IN A MATCHLESS BLEND**

Copyright, 1933, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

(Continued from page 26)

inadequately clothed. In general, it may be assumed that clothing which keeps people most comfortable is also most hygienic."

NOTHING indicated that the group as a whole came from weak stock. In 89 per cent. of the cases, excessively late hours and habitual loss of sleep were non-existent. In 49 per cent. one or both parents had died. The added strain on the growing girl either to help fill her mother's place or to supplement the family income can not be ignored. The report goes on:

"Modern young women want corners where their mothers wanted curves, but there seems little reason to believe that the



On the "Land Yacht"

Traveling office of George A. Hughes, president of the Edison Appliance Company of Chicago. Mr. Hughes dictating. "It is equipped with easy chairs, washroom and shower, refrigerator, range, sink, pantry, kitchen-ware, cooking utensils, tables, and other household paraphernalia, while couches, upholstered with deep-down cushions in the rear and front of the coach make up, Pullman-fashion, into double beds."

proportion of tuberculous girls who have dieted for the sake of a slender figure is any larger than the proportion of girls who have dieted and remained perfectly healthy.

"The drive for popularity and the nervous tension which rule the lives of many young girls are possible factors.

"The only answer to this difficulty lies in educating young people into a new attitude as well as teaching them to recognize early symptoms of disease.

"There is also dangerous delay in seeking diagnosis and treatment. We are brought back to the sharp realization that eliminating contact and spread of infection is the one method of lowering tuberculosis mortality.

"We are convinced that the primary cause of increased tuberculosis mortality among young women lies in biological rather than environmental factors. Young women are, always have been, and very likely will continue to be more susceptible to fatal tuberculosis than are other groups of the population.

"We do not believe, however, that young women should continue to die of tuberculosis as rapidly as at their present rate. Altho the problem is not essentially one of school life, many early cases could be found by careful examination of every child at the time she leaves school, and, in addition, the educational advantages of the periodic school health examination are considerable."

Australia's Flying Doctors

MEDICAL SERVICE THROUGHOUT some 250,000 square miles of interior Australia has been for several years furnished by airplanes.

In a lecture at the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine, Dr. W. D. Walker of Adelaide, who has spent several years in the Australian interior, described the origin and development of the world's first civil aerial medical service. Says *The British Medical Journal* (London):

"The pioneer of medical services among these sparse and scattered populations—the Rev. John Flynn—dreamed of a chain of hospitals, and established thirteen of them.

"The advent of wireless and aviation, however, changed the whole situation, and in May, 1928, at Cloncurry, in Western Queensland, an airplane was commissioned to carry a doctor to remote places in response to wireless summons. Small and inexpensive wireless transmitters, with a sending radius of over 600 miles, their power derived from small, foot-pedaled generators, were next distributed among the more isolated homesteads.

"Recent improvements have enabled messages to be automatically translated into Morse and sent out upon the ether by simply tapping a keyboard similar to that of a typewriter. At the central station they are retranslated, medical advice or instructions are sent back by wireless telephone, or, if the doctor's visit is necessary, a reply is forwarded that the 'flying doctor' is on his way to a spot where a white sheet and the smoke of a small fire indicate the landing-ground. During the first year of the service Dr. St. Vincent Welch flew 20,000 miles to attend 255 patients, and held forty-two consultations in twenty-six different centers entirely without mishap.

"The area of the flying practise is equal to that of Germany, Austria, Switzerland, and Denmark combined. Contributions toward the service have come from employers and employed, from private donors, and from government subsidies. In addition to the pilot, the plane has accommodation for doctor, nurse, patient, and one relative, but it is hoped soon to be able to accommodate an anesthetist as well, and to carry a fully equipped surgical unit.

"Thus, with the help of modern invention, a mantle of safety, for whites and aborigines alike, has been spread over a territory equal to half Europe. Care has been taken not to encroach upon the province of doctors already in practise in less sparsely populated regions. The medical men in the flying service, of whom there have now been four, only see the patients of these doctors at the doctor's own request, and, in the event of accident or emergency, the patient is taken to the nearest outlying hospital and there left in the care of his own practitioner.

"The ultimate aim is to establish a national service having a number of fully equipped base hospitals throughout the sparsely settled regions. Another important aim is to provide opportunities for post-graduate study abroad for doctors at the completion of their term of service."

A Land Yacht

THIS is the name of the unusual vehicle just built for a Chicago business man as a traveling office.

The owner is George A. Hughes, who travels as president of the Edison Appliance Company, and who will use the unique office on wheels for conferences with utility executives and distributors. To quote a press account:

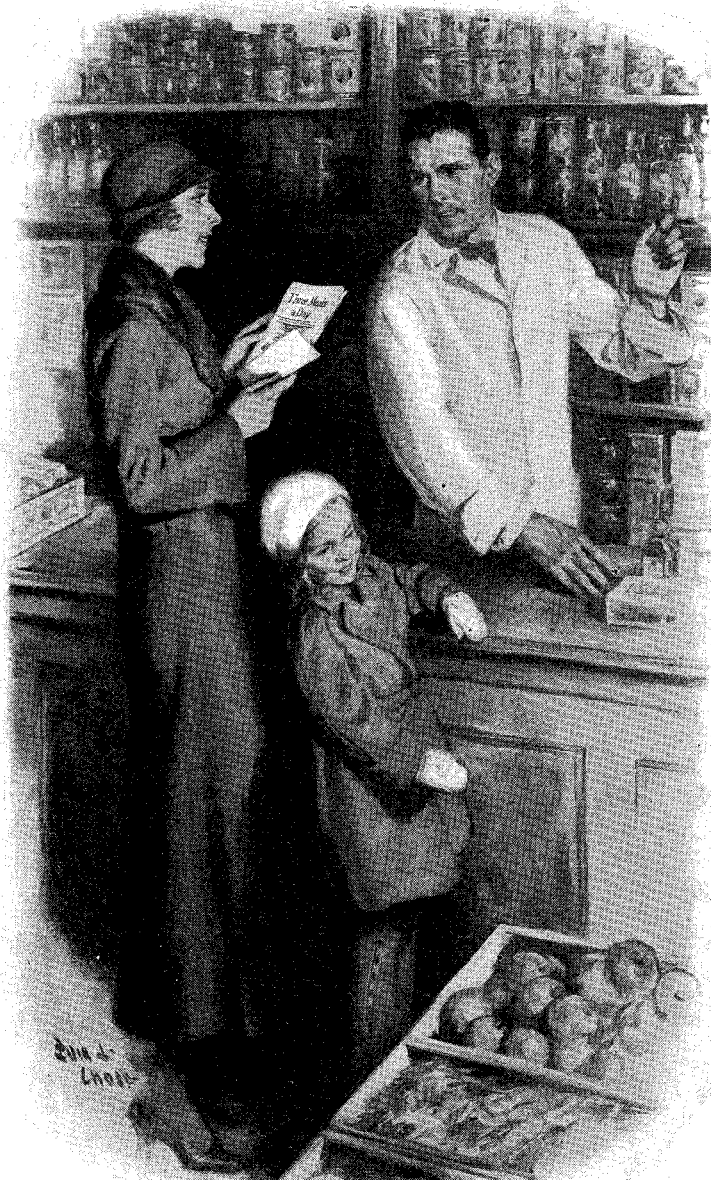
"It is more than an office. It's a traveling private home or highway Pullman.

"It is equipped with easy chairs, washroom and shower, refrigerator, range, sink, pantry, kitchen-ware, cooking utensils, tables, and other household paraphernalia, while couches, upholstered with deep-down cushions in the rear and front of the coach make up, Pullman-fashion, into double beds. Modern lighting effects, carpeting in the salon, linoleum in the kitchen, and drapes complete the picture.

"The front office, salon or living-room, is equipped with comfortable chairs, office desk, files and typewriter, while there is a telephone connection between the coach and the driver. When the rolling office is in tourist camp, one thousand feet of cord provides connection for 110-volt current; and a water tank in the rear provides water under pressure by using air-pressure.

"The lines of the car, both front and rear, are designed to reduce air resistance. The rear of the car especially reduces the amount of dust stirred up by eddy currents during high-speed travel over dirt or gravel roads."

Good Inexpensive Food



EVEN when money is plentiful it is not an easy job to buy food and to plan meals for all the hungry members of one's family. When it is not plentiful, the problem becomes increasingly difficult.

To meet a nation-wide need, nutrition experts have prepared a new booklet which names the various foods that must be included in daily menus in order to have properly balanced meals. It tells how to buy the most for your money—and the best for your money.

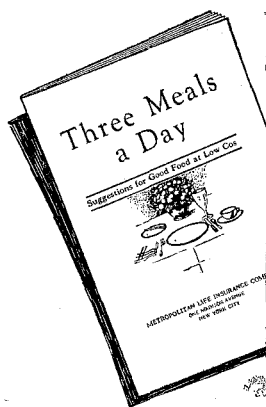
Delicious, nourishing food is not necessarily expensive. But it takes thought to plan economical meals which provide pleasant variety from day to day.

With the help of this booklet, you can plan meals which not only will maintain health and strength, but also will please the appetite. You can have the advice of food experts. They will tell you which foods are of first importance—how much milk, what amounts of vegetables, fruits, bread and cereals are desirable, and what proportion of meat, eggs, fish, fats and sugars should be added to the menus.

It has been demonstrated that, both in the cities and in rural districts, food for every member of the family for an entire week—twenty-one meals—can be bought at a cost of about \$2.00 for each member.

In the booklet "Three Meals a Day" are described appetizing and nourishing menus for breakfast, lunch and dinner for seven days at a cost of only \$6.00 for three persons. Additional menus are suggested at slightly higher costs. The booklet includes market orders specifying the exact amounts of food to buy for these menus.

You are cordially invited to send for your free copy of "Three Meals a Day." Address Booklet Department 233-L.



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Please send me your free booklet, "Three Meals a Day."

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FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

A Varsity Course in the Art of Staying Married

HOW TO HANDLE A HUSBAND?

How to treat a wife?
How, in the cynic's phrase, to be happy tho married, and so dodge the divorce lawyers?

To those problems the university world now turns its attention by offering something brand new in the education field—a course in marriage.



The Marriage Prof, Who Knows the Ropes

Chief Instructor Charles E. Metzger has been twice married.

Taking up the challenge of the increasing divorce rate, it proposes to battle to bring peace to the home, a sort of war to end marital wars.

At Butler University, Indianapolis, where the innovation is being launched this month, the course promises to become extraordinarily popular. Tho its sponsors hardly hope to control Cupid's aim, they propose to provide what might be called first aid to the moonstruck, and to help the victim of

Cupid's dart to live happily ever afterward.

But the flippant will be barred from the course, the officials make it clear. This is serious business. The educators "are appalled by recent statistics showing that the Indiana marriage crop was becoming too 'divorecified,'" as we are told by Jack Cejnar, Indianapolis correspondent of the International News Service. He adds:

The course will mark Butler University's reaction to a divorce rate in Marion County of 40.55 divorces for each 100 weddings during 1930 as compared with a rate for the nation as a whole of only 16.6 divorces per 100 weddings.

"We have become convinced that some special degree of education now is needed for happiness in marriage," Dean Albert E. Bailey of Butler University announced.

The novel course, news of which caused hearts to thump with anticipatory thrills, will, speaking broadly, cover the three R's of matrimony—romance, rice, and rocks. The lectures will be on the physical, psychological, economic, social, and religious aspects of wedded life.

It will be the first time that any American college will have offered such a course for general registration. The course will be open to students and non-students, single and married persons. The tuition fee will be five dollars a semester for single persons. For married couples it will be seven and a half dollars.

The instructor-in-chief will be Charles E. Metzger, thirty-nine-year-old Indianapolis attorney, divorcee referee, and Indiana University graduate, himself twice married. He will be assisted by Dr. Thurman B. Rice, famous pathologist of the Indiana University School of Medicine, two noted psychologists, Dr. J. L. Rosenstein and Dr. Mary H. Young, and a prominent clergyman, Dr. Frank S. C. Wicks, pastor of the All Souls Unitarian Church here, who will lecture on "Marriage as the Clergyman Sees It."

course is intended to be a preparation for matrimony in all its aspects. And then, in a more advanced sense, almost post-graduate in its practical bearings, we learn that the course is designed not only for those still gamboling along the primrose path of single-blessedness, but also for those who have already ventured upon the wide turnpike of matrimony, and who feel the need of further wisdom and knowledge to carry them over its bumpy stretches, avoid its pitfalls, and patiently negotiate its detours. As we read on:

For married persons the course, it is hoped, will be a clinic where family problems may be solved.

"We will seek to present a realistic, scientific, and intelligent attitude toward the whole subject of modern marriage with the hope that such an attitude may carry over into future legislation dealing with marriage and human relationships within the family group," Dean Bailey explained.

Decision to pioneer among American colleges in offering a marriage course followed inquiries sent by Dean Bailey to numerous prominent citizens here regarding their reaction toward such a course after the 1930 vital statistics showed 3,593 marriages and 1,457 divorces, or two divorces for every five marriages in Marion County. The cold hard figures of the statistician seemed to rise and cry:

"Some Indiana people marry for love, some for money, but most of them for only a short time!"

It was first planned to give such a course only for married people. The reaction of many citizens approached on the subject, were, however, that the course should primarily be for unmarried persons. As one citizen pointed out: "There's little use of locking the stable door after the horse is stolen."

"MARITAL happiness," said Dean Bailey, explaining his theory to the Indianapolis Times, "is not a matter of sentiment, but a matter of knowledge, ideals, and ethical control."

The Dean did not reveal whether the trials of dishwashing or of bridge partnership would receive academic attention.

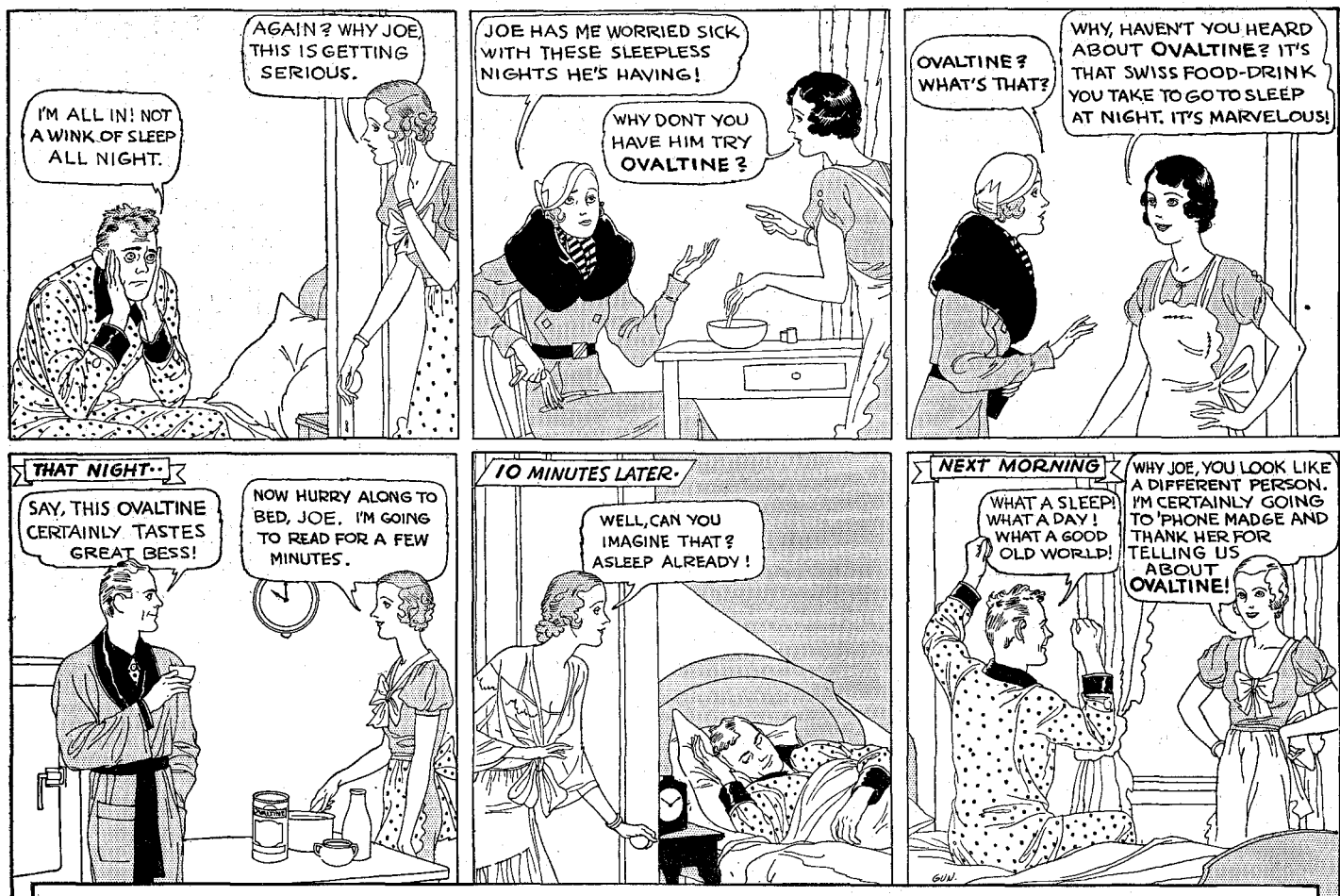
The class in matrimony will meet once a week. Some of the lecture subjects will be:

"History of the Family and Marriage," "Economic Aspects of the Modern Family," "Family Financial Independence," "Mutual Adjustments Within the Family," "Sex Instruction for the Young Child," "The Adolescent and His Guidance," "Divorce as a Family Problem," "Sex Relationships in the Modern Family," "A Survey of Recent Studies," "A Psychologist Looks Upon Family Problems," "Marriage as a Clergyman Sees It," and "Problems in Marriage as Seen by a Physician."



For single persons, we are assured, the

Is the Butler U. Matrimony Course Popular? Watch Those Co-eds!



SLEEP COMES QUICKLY

This Natural, Drugless Way

No More Night-Time Tossing Calm Nerves, New Energy, New Vitality All Next Day

THOSE ghastly hours of night-time tossing when you simply *cannot* sleep! How they set every nerve on edge! What a toll they take next day—in the way you look and feel and act.

But sleepless nights are folly now, as 20,000 doctors will tell you. For a way has been found to bring sound, natural sleep almost the moment you go to bed—entirely without drugs.

It's a delicious food-drink you take just before retiring. Then fall asleep almost as soon as you close your eyes. And sleep your full 8 hours as naturally as a child.

In the morning you awaken vastly refreshed, nerves calmer, mind clearer by far. For this remarkable food-drink not only restores your tissues as you sleep, but greatly multiplies your ability to recover from fatigue. So you teem with new energy all through the following day.

And in order that all may try it—a 3-day test is being publicly offered at right.

What It Is— How It Acts

It is called Ovaltine—a pure food-drink first created in Switzerland—and now made over

here. And it acts 3 ways to combat the most common causes of inability to sleep.

Authorities state that these causes are: (1) blood-congested brain cells (2) digestive unrest or (3) nervous irritability. Whether you suffer from one or all three—Ovaltine helps you sleep.

First: Ovaltine, when taken as a warm drink at bedtime, tends to draw excess blood away from the head and combats mental over-activity which often keeps you from getting to sleep. Thus, mental calm is invited—the mind is "conditioned" for sleep.

Second: Ovaltine contains in high proportion a unique food property called *diaslase*—a property recognized for its ability to digest the starch content of other foods regularly taken into the stomach. Thus possessing the power to lighten the digestive burden of a stomach that's "nervous" or over-taxed.

Third: Also notable among the constituents of Ovaltine is food calcium. And it is increasingly realized that a proper calcium metabolism is necessary to avoid nerve irritation.

Thus Ovaltine, if taken warm at bedtime, conditions the mind for sleep, combats digestive unrest, and supplies those factors which, if lacking, create irritated nerves and sleeplessness.

Commence Tonight

Disregard, if you like, what doctors and users claim for Ovaltine, but—in fairness to your

nerves, your health—try it and see for yourself.

'Phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of it tonight. Mix 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls with a cup of warm milk—and drink it before going to bed. Then see how quickly you fall asleep—how completely and soundly you rest.

Or, if you wish, mail the coupon for the generous trial supply that's publicly offered below.

NOTE: *Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. During the World War, medical authorities made it a standard ration for invalid, nerve-shattered soldiers. It is also highly recommended by physicians for nervous, underweight children—and as a strengthening food for nursing mothers, convalescents, and the aged.*

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180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois
I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your test package of Ovaltine.

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(Print name and address clearly)

Address.....

City.....State.....
(One package to a person)

OVALTINE
The Swiss Food-Drink
Manufactured under license in the U. S. A.
according to the original Swiss formula. 952S

The Columbus of the Stratosphere—and His Twin

THEY COULD PLAY *THE TWO DROMIOS* in Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors."

These scientific brothers, undistinguishable apart, have just been reunited after a long separation.

Prof. Auguste Piccard playfully parries the suggestion that sometimes he will push Jean Piccard on the lecture-platform to take his place, and the audience won't know the difference.

Jean is a chemist, with a flair for biology. He does his laboratory work in America, and has given profound study to the subject of twins. He and Auguste, as any one might know at a glance, are "identical" twins, and Jean Piccard says that they are derived from the splitting of one protoplasmic cell.

Much light has been thrown on the subject by his researches, we are told, and he has imparted his material to learned societies.

MEANWHILE, Brother Auguste, the physicist, remaining in Switzerland, has made his mark by rising higher above this planet than any other human being except his balloonist companion—ten miles up in the tranquil stratosphere, above the storms of the cloudy lower atmosphere, up where the sky is dark violet, and the cosmic rays are pure and free to register their mysterious dance on the instruments of science.

Bombarded by the questions of reporters, after these eminent Swiss twins had conversed with President Hoover, Prof. Auguste Piccard pictured a stratosphere trip of the future—six hours from Washington to Paris—and discuss the outlook for journeying to other planets. Thus an Associated Press dispatch from Washington:

Professor Piccard said that men may fly to other planets in rocket planes in the future, but they will not be able to come back.

It would take twenty tons of explosives to shoot a one-ton rocket plane away from the "pull" of the earth's gravitation and get it well started on its way to another planet, and ten more tons would be needed to act as a braking force when the rocket returned to earth. Carrying so much weight would be impracticable for rocket planes, he said.

Study of the cosmic rays, for which Professor Piccard made his two famous balloon flights into the stratosphere, may help unlock tremendous energy in atoms, however, he explained, and use of this energy might overcome the difficulties of sending rocket planes on "round trips" to other planets.

There is no limit to the heights which rocket planes may reach above the earth, Professor Piccard said, but he predicted balloons and airplanes will not rise much further than the ten-mile height he reached last summer, owing to practical difficulties of construction.

MUCH humor and animation attended the professor's arrival from Europe. As the *New York Sun* tells us:

The professor came to the United States to give lectures, inspect laboratories, and to discuss the possibility of another ascension, this time in the Hudson Bay country, where he believes a study of the cosmic rays may be of great importance because of the nearness of the region to the magnetic pole.

Standing bareheaded on the sun-deck of the *Champlain*, altho he had a gray hat and a black beret close at hand to cover his long locks and shield his head from the cold breezes of the harbor, the professor made his bow before a large group of photographers and newsreel men. He laughed when they shouted at him to look this way and that, and then said in French: "Two can play

at that game!" Thereupon he drew a small camera from a case slung over his shoulder and rapidly made three photographs of the photographers.

He was greeted, when the ship docked, by his brother, Jean Piccard, and the brother's wife and small children. They were escorted aboard the ship by Victor Nef, the Swiss consul in New York.

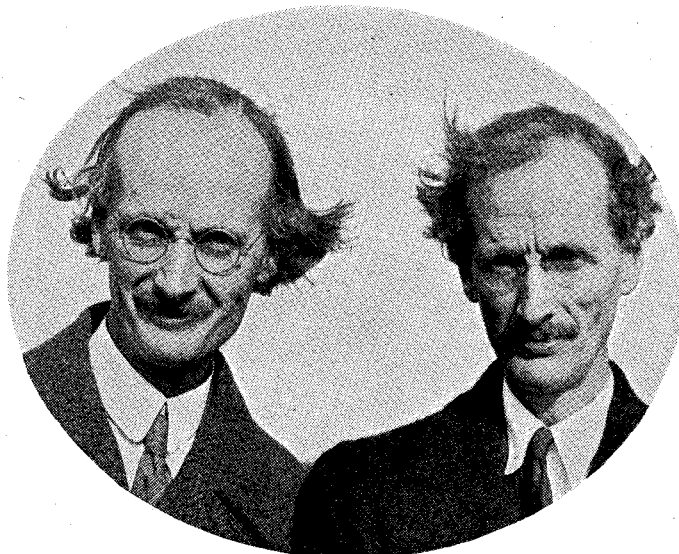
By this time the professor had crushed a hat down upon his head. When he saw his young nephew, John, standing bareheaded by his side, he thrust his hand into the capacious pocket of his overcoat, pulled out his black beret and offered it to John.

"But, Uncle Auguste," cried John, "I have never worn a hat in my life!"

"Ah," replied the professor, still proffering the beret, "this one, my dear John, has been in the stratosphere."

John was properly impressed by the fact that the professor had worn the beret ten miles above the earth, but he would not put it on.

Professor Piccard greeted his twin brother with a kiss on the cheek and a murmur of words. The brother, who lives in Wilmington, had his hair cut in exactly the same fashion—something longer than a "wind-blown bob"—and this led to a joking inquiry if their barbers correspond and compared notes to keep the shocks of hair alike. The professor smiled this query down.



Copyright by International

Which Piccard Is Which? Auguste Is at the Left

"ALMOST timidly" he entered the children's dining-room of the ship as the *Champlain* came up the bay. The professor was "looking forward intently through his spectacles and actually sniffed suspiciously." And, suddenly:

The assembled editors and reporters were astonished when he turned and fled. The explanation came a moment later when a representative of the lecture bureau, under whose auspices the professor comes, said the odor of tobacco made the professor ill. As a matter of fact, one of the clauses in his contract was to the effect that there was to be no smoking during the lectures.

He was pleased when informed that it was not the habit of lecture audiences here to smoke as they listened.

A question he did not smile at was one concerning a dog, whose best teeth, according to an incorrect story sent from Brussels, the professor had himself withdrawn, after kidnaping the beast, in order that the dog might have nothing with which to nip the professor's children, who played near the dog's kennel.

"Am I a dog dentist?" he asked, looking around in blue-eyed indignation. "Such a thing to say of me! I, who love dogs! How could such a thing be said? I don't know. Some little reporter had white paper before him." Here he seized a piece of paper and placed it under his hand—"and he must write something."

He shook his head so vigorously that the locks of hair, drooping in profusion over his collar, were disarranged, and his long fingers flew at them to put them in place again.

He explained how the fable of the naughty dog might have arisen from the fact that the professor removed the thorns from a rosebush.

Under the auspices of the National Geographic Society, the professor delivered his first lecture in Washington. A *New York Times* correspondent gives us these graphic bits:

His first ascension was premature, as his balloon was freed before he gave the word and before he had repaired all the damage made by an unexpected bump against the ground.

He found himself suddenly 15,000 feet in the air, trying to put an electrostatic sounding instrument into a hole in the bottom of the cabin, and unable to do so because the hole had been deformed by a blow.

"There was my beautiful airtight cabin absolutely of no use!" he said. "We would have been quite as well off in a gondola of wickerwork."

But the instrument was finally inserted, and the leak around

it plugged with vaseline and oakum, altho, for a time, he thought of pulling the valve and landing.

It was not until later that he learned that the valve would not work, and that he had narrowly escaped being asphyxiated by lack of air.

"You will probably want to know what the earth looks like from ten miles up," Professor Piccard went on. "The sky is beautiful up there, almost black. It is a bluish purple, a deep violet shade. It is ten times darker up there than on earth, because there is ten times less light, but it still is not quite dark enough to see the stars.

"All question of cosmic rays put aside, our ascensions demonstrated the practical possibilities of the air-tight cabin for future rapid travel through the stratosphere.

"Stratoplanes are already being constructed in various countries," Professor Piccard continued, "and soon they will be droning through the purple darkness of the upper atmosphere, going three times faster and with greater security.

"Constructors have been encouraged by our expedition and before long you will witness the opening of this intercontinental highway that will make Europe and America next-door neighbors, as the crossing from New York to Paris will take only from six to eight hours."

WE are now able to realize, said Professor Piccard, what a trip in the stratosphere will be like in the future. And he proceeded to evoke a dramatic picture, thus:

"Visualize a New York business man seated in his dining-room at breakfast. The telephone bell rings. It is a friend in Paris asking him to drop in for luncheon a few hours later.

"The New Yorker rushes to the aerodrome and takes the stratoplane that carries him rapidly to the upper atmosphere. The take-off is unpleasant because of bad weather. A fierce wind is blowing against the plane, shaking it, and it is pouring rain.

"Don't mind a little thing like that," says the porter; "we will be above all this in a few minutes. We are already more than 12,000 feet high."

"But I did not have any buzzing in my ears," says the passenger.

"The porter explains: 'As we are in an air-tight cabin, we do not feel the change in altitude.'

"Do you think we will have a good crossing?"

"Without any doubt. All crossings via the stratosphere are good. You will soon see the sky dark-blue, but the weather up there is always fair. There is neither snow, nor rain, nor fog, nor frost, and there are no deposits of ice on the plane."

"The passenger is still uneasy because it is his first stratoplane trip. 'We can not see the earth any longer, so how can the pilot verify our position and estimate to what extent the winds will make us deviate from our course?"

"As we fly at an average speed of 500 miles an hour, all the winds, even those having a speed of fifty to sixty miles an hour, have only a slight hold on us. What is more, thanks to our wireless set, we can not possibly miss our airport."

At that moment the conductor happens to be passing through the cabin, and puts an end to all the passenger's anxiety by assuring him:

"We have three motors, and I guarantee the perfect functioning of the engine. If

one of the motors fails, we would only have to go down a few thousand feet.

"It would even be possible to make the crossing with only one motor. This would be disagreeable, because it would delay our arrival.

"But have we enough reserve of oxygen?"

"We have no reserve at all," the conductor tells him, "except the compressors. Each of the motors uses a hundred times more air than all of us together, and a small part of that compressed air passes through the cabin before going to the motor. That air, heated by compression, is so regulated in its admission to the cabin that the temperature desired by the passengers is obtained."

With majestic calm the stratoplane pursues its course while, 50,000 feet below, a mighty transatlantic steamer battles against a terrific gale.

UNDER the head-line "All Aboard for the Stratosphere," *The Herald Tribune* enumerates editorially some obstacles to the carrying out of Professor Piccard's program. Thus:

The stratosphere is highly electrified, and this electrification is known to change rapidly and often.

Dr. Piccard, sealed inside a metal sphere, which had no motion except its rise and fall, experienced no harm from this electrification. That might be less true of more complicated craft in rapid motion. The stratosphere lacks, as well, the thick blanket of lower air which shields us surface dwellers from powerful and penetrating rays of sunlight, some of which are known to be harmful, while others are under suspicion. Perhaps these dangerous rays can be kept out of the cabins and moors of stratosphere-planets, perhaps not.

One of the greatest dangers is likely to be meteors.

The Professor's vision of power from cosmic rays has evoked an editorial chorus in which the idea is linked with the prevailing ferment over Technocracy. Says the *Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger*:

The Technocrats might well begin to give some attention to this new source of power. They have not included it in their survey of the energy available in North America.

ONE of our greatest difficulties to-day, laments the *Palm Beach Post*, is the fact that:

The world has shrunk too rapidly for our prejudices and our social habits to adjust themselves. We have hardly begun to learn that we are next-door neighbors to all the nations of the earth; we are still trying to operate a compact and highly integrated world by a system devised when each nation was isolated.

Such cheap power would make our present industrial system look "like an ox-cart beside a motor-car," declares the *Philadelphia Record*. "And, unfortunately, we can't even drive the ox-cart intelligently."

But the *Baltimore Sun* is delighted, exclaiming:

What better medicine could a sick world ask than this picture of what man may do once he gets back on his feet? Who knows but Professor Piccard may be the precursor of a new day's dawn?

4 WAYS THE PURGING GARGLE

*Proves Its
Unique Effectiveness*



BAD BREATH

Lavoris so thoroughly purges mouth and throat of all odor-producing matter that its use gives you positive assurance and lasting protection. Ask your dentist. He knows — that is why Lavoris is used in so many dental offices.

SORE THROAT

Lavoris has unique and specific action on mucus — it coagulates and breaks it up — flushes it out, and with it go all embedded germs, the ones that not only start a sore throat, but keep it "hanging on." Lavoris thoroughly cleans and soothes irritated membrane. Your physician will approve of this type of treatment.



TENDER GUMS

Purge the mouth frequently — get rid of embedded germs, for it is the embedded germs held in clinging contact with gum tissues by the mucous coating, that foster inflammation and may lead to serious infection.



DAILY HYGIENE

Medical and dental authorities advise frequent and thorough cleansing of mouth and throat tissues as the best means of preventing infection. This unique and specific purging action of Lavoris keeps the mouth, the gums, and the throat in a clean, firm, healthy condition. Try Lavoris and see for yourself!



LAVORIS

THE GARGLE WITH
SCIENTIFIC PURGING ACTION

ACCEPT A TRIAL BOTTLE

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Please send me your large, generous sample of Lavoris. I enclose 10c for cost of packing and mailing.

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Address.....

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CORNS



Stops Pain Instantly

The feet are easily infected. Be careful. Old-time ways are dangerous; ignore the cause; can't prevent corns coming back. Treat them the medically safe, painless way—with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. You'll have instant relief and quickly loosen and remove your corns or callouses with constant peace of mind. These thin, soothing, healing, medicated pads stop shoe friction and pressure; keep you rid of corns; avoid blisters; make new or tight shoes easy on the feet.



Bunions, Callouses, Soft Corns

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are also made in special sizes and shapes for Callouses, Bunions and soft Corns between the toes. Get a box today—only 35¢. At all drug, dept. and shoe stores. Made in the largest institution in the world devoted exclusively to the feet.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Dr. SCHOLL'S, 213 W. Schiller St., Chicago, Ill. Please mail sample of Dr. Scholl Zino-pads and Dr. Scholl's booklet "The Feet and Their Care" to

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DIVINE LOVE and WISDOM

By Emanuel Swedenborg, explains clearly and rationally the operation of Divine Love and Divine Wisdom in the creation of the universe, including man as the chief end of creation. This book sent without further cost or obligation upon receipt of

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Precede by Applications of CUTICURA OINTMENT

Price 25c. each. Sample free.
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Pages 'n' Pages of Smiths

ONCE and for all the ancient rivalry of the New York Smiths and the Cohens is settled.

The Smiths win.

Besides conquering their nearest rival in easy fashion, the Smiths also polish off the Browns, the Joneses, the Johnsons, and the other big families.

By a margin of ten feet of type in the first volume of the New York City directory, they leave the Cohens a badly-beaten runner-up.

"The Smith family meanders along for ninety-four feet, at fourteen lines of type an inch. The Cohens cover eighty-four feet, the Browns sixty-seven, and the procession of big shots in the space world is brought up by the Millers, the Johnsons, the Williamses, and the Joneses, in that order.

"The canvassers turned up authentic namesakes of John Bull, Al Capone, Enrico Caruso, Charles Chaplin, Christopher Columbus, Oliver Cromwell, Jack Dempsey, Henry Ford, Robin Hood, Jesse James, Helen Keller, Annie Laurie, Harold Lloyd, Mary Pickford, Paul Revere, Bernard Shaw, and John L. Sullivan. In one particularly good day's hunting they raised a Woodrow Wilson, a John Doe, and a Richard Roe."

The first volume of the directory "is a healthy child," adds the New York Herald Tribune, "weighing nineteen pounds and standing thirteen inches in height." It contains the names, addresses and occupations of citizens of Manhattan and the Bronx. It "is the first of its kind in seven years and the first in history to include all five boroughs in its prospectus."

The idea of compiling the directory was originally that of the Emergency Unemployment Relief Committee. And it produced 120,000 days of work for the city's jobless. Eight hundred canvassers, plodding through all kinds of weather, "asked approximately 100,000,000 questions, some of them embarrassing. They interrogated housewives and got something new in the way of directory matter, the first name of every wife in the two boroughs." Reading on:

One great problem confronted the unemployed data seekers. They found it difficult to pin down the city's shifting population, members of which, as soon as the compilers turned their backs, were likely to move to New Jersey or the Canadian Rockies. Compilation of the directory began in December, 1931, and in the interval nearly 1,000,000 New Yorkers changed one home for another.

An idea of the magnitude of this problem was furnished by Arthur Morgan, moving expert, of the firm of Morgan & Brother. Mr. Morgan estimated that about 500,000 citizens changed dwellings last fall alone, at a time when the directory still was in the making. The Consolidated Gas Company added to this the report that the number of movers last September, based on meter lockings and unlockings, was close to 400,000.

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SEGAL ONE PIECE RAZOR

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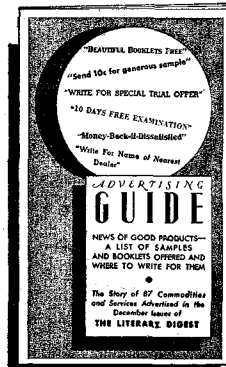
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No More Trouble for the Man Who Wrote "The Sidewalks of New York"

HE had made the words of a ditty that had its day of lilting popularity—Lottie Gilson sang it at the old London Theater in the Bowery—and then it had faded away like any other old song.

But long afterward—a quarter of a century or so—a much younger man grew up to be a popular idol, a four-times Governor



Acme

Mamie O'Rourke Taught Him the Waltz Step

of New York State, and a candidate for President, and some band leader dug up the old song for him, the words fitted his early life so well.

This time the song went like wildfire, and all over the country the sprightly waltz-strains of "The Sidewalks of New York" meant Alfred E. Smith, and many learned the gay verses. But Governor Smith never knew the man who had written them so long ago.

These few facts lead us up to a hard-times story which the New York *Herald Tribune* relates thus:

For James W. Blake the "sidewalks of New York" had less gaiety and more bitterness yesterday than they did thirty-four years ago, when he immortalized them in the famous song. Mamie O'Rourke is dead or gone away, no one calls organ-grinders "guinnies" now, and Mr. Blake, seventy years old, penniless, jobless, was not inclined to trip the light fantastic on pavements that were for a time the only refuge for himself, a blind brother, and a seventy-four-year-old sister.

His job, as salesman of velvets and velours, went more than a year ago, and every other resource dried up. Three weeks ago he was forced to leave the little flat at 2351 Walton Avenue, the Bronx, where he had supported the brother and sister, John D. Blake and Mary F. Blake, who were tramping the pavements with him. They had gone to the Penn View, a dollar-a-night hotel at 322 West Thirty-fourth Street, only to wait, "hoping that something would turn up," until Saturday found them with not another penny in sight and just enough cash in hand to pay the hotel bill, about which the manager had been making pointed remarks. As the bells called the devout to church yesterday morning, they left their last refuge.

At the Pennsylvania Station, whence they had carried their things from the Penn View, they divided the pittance that remained between coffee and rolls and check-room tickets for the few bits of baggage.

For a while they sat in the waiting-room, then rose to go.

When the author of one of the most gaily sentimental songs in the language led his charges out of the station's great hall and into the street the trio had not one cent among them.

They walked aimlessly up-town. The sidewalks of the city, its wintrily inhospitable park benches were the only places where they had a right. At Forty-first Street they came to the office of the New York *Herald Tribune*. Mr. Blake had once been interviewed for it, and they came in on a chance. He told his story, the Emergency Unemployment Relief Committee was notified, and arranged at once to care for his case.

Mr. Blake, a little, round-faced man, still decently drest, whose high-crowned square derby and high brown boots were somewhat reminiscent of the days of "Casey's old brown stoop," showed his bewilderment in his talk, which quavered at times.

AND now we get the story of the writing of the song:

Before he entered the upholstery business, he worked in a hat shop. Into it, one morning thirty-eight years ago, walked the late Charles B. Lawlor, once a popular vaudevillian, who was a friend of "Jim" Blake's. He hummed a waltz tune, and said that he wanted a song about New York to it.

Blake scribbled out the now familiar verses in half an hour, between customers, and in a few days, when Lottie Gilson introduced "The Sidewalks of New York," it was an immediate success. The friends sold the rights to it for \$5,000, which they split.

As his history of its writing ended, the author smiled for the first time, and began the first lines:

Down in front of Casey's old brown wooden stoop,
On a summer's evening we formed a merry group;
Boys and girls together, we would sing and waltz
While the "Guinnie" played the organ on the
sidewalks of New York.

CHORUS

East Side, West Side, all around the town
The tots sing "Ring-a-rosie, London Bridge is
falling down."
Boys and girls together, me and Mamie O'Rourke
Tripped the light fantastic on the sidewalks of
New York.

That's where Johnny Casey and little Jimmy
Crowe,
With Jakey Krause, the baker, who always had
the dough;
Pretty Nellie Shannon, with a dude as light as
cork,
First picked up the waltz step on the sidewalks of
New York.

Things have changed since those times, some are
up in G;
Others they are on the hog, but they all feel just
like me;
They would part with all they've got could they
but once more walk
With their best girl and have a twirl on the side-
walks of New York.

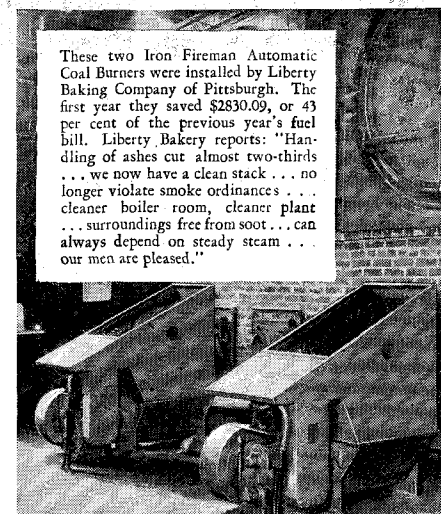
They had all been real people. Mamie O'Rourke had taught him the waltz. There

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had been a brown stoop, Higgins's really, but Casey's sounded better. Nellie Shannon had had a real dude, with a checkered waistcoat and a pearl-gray derby, and the most incredible trousers. They had all lived in the old neighborhood, where his family had had a home for seventy-five years, at 312 East Eighteenth Street. He and his father and sister had only left the house when their mother died, four years after the song was written.

From the bunch of clippings in his old-fashioned wallet he drew one out. It was from an out-of-town newspaper, an interview written in some small place where he had taken his velours and velvets. In a skittishly gossipy style it set forth his career in some detail, with the comment: "His song has made Jimmy Blake the idol of the New Yorkers whose city he immortalized. He has but to ask and he has."

"That is rather ironic, isn't it?" he asked.

BUT the story has a sequel which is not ironic. The New York *Evening Post* tells us that Blake has been assured of immediate aid "through the intervention of the man with whom the song has been most prominently identified—former Gov. Alfred E. Smith." Reading on:

"Mr. Smith read of it in the morning paper," his secretary said to-day. "He didn't even finish the article but immediately got in touch with William H. Matthews of the Emergency Work and Relief Bureau. Mr. Matthews assured Mr. Smith that Blake would be taken care of immediately, and Mr. Smith asked to be kept informed on the case."

This morning Mr. Blake went to see Mr. Matthews, who is director of the work bureau, and had his future arranged for him. He will be given home relief as long as he needs it, and if in a few days he feels that he would like to do some work, Mr. Matthews has promised to give him a light clerical position.

When spring comes, Mr. Matthews said, he will send Mr. Blake, his sister, and his brother to Ward Manor, the farm maintained by the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, in Dutchess County. This was arranged through the Joint Application Bureau of the A. I. C. P. at 105 East Twenty-second Street, where Mr. Blake was interviewed this morning by George N. Hallwachs.

"No one needs to worry about Mr. Blake from now on," Mr. Matthews said.

"Bread on the Waters" is the happy title of an editorial in which *The World-Telegram* improves the occasion. After sketching the old song-writer's homeless trek with his sister and brother, it exclaims:

Yet, at the moment, dozens of people in the city undoubtedly were humming the song he wrote.

After Alfred E. Smith read newspaper stories of James W. Blake's plight yesterday morning, the bread of gaiety cast so long ago upon the waters of New York life began to flow back a little toward James W. Blake.

More fortunate, more canny men and women put the treasure of their youth in strong-boxes and in bonds, and society rewards them to the end of their days with dividends and profits. But throughout the history of the world, the minstrel has, in declining years, too universally fitted into Walter Scott's pathetic picture of the wandering harper, who—

"... scorn'd and poor.
... begg'd his bread from door to door,
And turned to please a peasant's ear
The harp a king had loved to hear."

Possibly, when our best thinkers get around to effecting the new order so much talked about, minstrels and song-singers, who set the tempo for nations' heart-throbs, will be able in their helpless days to coin some of this sentimental indebtedness into at least the insurance of a bed and a meal.

Did a Comet Dig the "Bays"?

ROMANCERS of the Verne-Wells type, who like to imagine what would happen to the earth if a comet should hit it, please take notice!

In the Carolinas is a series of wide holes in the ground known locally as "bays."

At the recent meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Professors F. A. Melton and William Schriever, of the University of Oklahoma, stated their belief that the "bays" were gouged out by a globular cluster of meteorites constituting the nucleus of a comet. Says *Science News Letter*, a Science Service publication (Washington):

The bays are shown by geological evidence to be older than certain strata of ice-age date, but younger than another formation which preceded the ice age. They all lie in the Atlantic coastal plain area, between Norfolk, Virginia, and the Savannah River, an area of approximately 40,000 square miles.

A mosaic airplane photograph map shows all the "bays" to be smoothly elliptical, with their long axes all parallel, extending from northwest to southeast. Some of the depressions have elevated rims completely encircling them, and all such rims are higher at the southeastern end. Sometimes the depressions intersect each other.

All these features, the two scientists said, can be explained on the hypothesis that the depressions were caused by the blows of a group of high-velocity masses of meteoric material, tearing through the atmosphere from the northwest and striking the earth like projectiles. Successively striking masses could cause the intersecting depressions, and the greater energy of impact of the larger fragments would, of course, explain the relatively longer holes they plowed. The direction of their impact would account for the greater height of the raised rims toward the southeast.

The comet that made the "bays" also bombarded the adjacent mountain regions and dropt fragments into the sea, the two scientists conjecture. But the scars they caused in the mountains have been eroded away, due to the more rapid weathering of the earth on steep slopes.

When Halley's comet last visited the neighborhood of the earth, astronomers could look right through its head and see small spots on the sun. This was taken to indicate that its nucleus was made of fragments rather than a solid piece. Such a cluster of meteoric masses, striking the earth like a handful of pebbles thrown into a snowbank, would cause a cluster of depressions like the Carolina "bays."

Might Change His Mrs.—"My husband has no idea what I go through when he snores."

"My husband never misses his small change either."—*Boston Transcript*.

Dixie Learns Who's Who Among the Wits

GEORGIA is chortling.

For "Georgia tops the nation in a Valhalla of wit."

To be witty in times like these, to be able to pick nuggets of humor out of a bank of soot in the black night of depression—such is the gay and glorious gift of Dixie's "linesmen," specifically the newspaper paragraphers of Georgia.

"The year 1932," says the *Atlanta Journal*, "which was enough to kill the grin of the Cheshire Cat, saw them lead their confrères from every other State in the number of times they were quoted in that highest Valhalla of quips and quiddities, THE LITERARY DIGEST'S "Topics in Brief."

Glowing from that, we hasten to let *The Journal* continue with its compliments to us and the Georgia paragraphers.

For a hero to reach the old Norse Valhalla, he had only to be slain in battle, but a more formidable test awaits a paragraph that aspires to the fame of which we now speak. It must chuckle its way through legions of roaring rivals, up to the jaded gods who are to pass upon its merits, and must avoid, above all else, being "killed."

For when a good Indian dies, he goes to the Happy Hunting Grounds; when a good Moslem dies he is borne to Paradise (some say, by the soft-eyed houri); but when a good paragraph dies, it goes to that dismalest of limboes, the editorial wastebasket.

A traveler who once got a glimpse of THE LITERARY DIGEST's sanctum has confided to us that its staff reads, each week, five thousand newspapers and other periodicals, most of which are published in this country, but some of which come from abroad; and that after this herculean survey, followed up by an even more herculean sifting, it selects some forty surviving paragraphs for the page nationally noted as "Topics in Brief."

Such, is the ordeal of fire and flood and mortal blue-penciling which our Georgia scribes withstood when they led America and the world for 1932 in THE DIGEST's Hall of Wit.

AND now *The Journal*, in the rôle of scorekeeper, proceeds to fashion garlands of statistics:

Two hundred and twenty of their sayings were reproduced therein, as against one hundred and seventy-nine from Massachusetts (yes, there she stands!) one hundred and twenty-eight from the supposedly scintillating New York; one hundred and two from the mirthfully mellow Old Dominion; and ninety-nine from the commonwealth where the Ford joke itself was born.

But why prolong these "odorous" comparisons. None of the other States got within more than hailing distance of the hundred mark, while most of them lagged far behind the fifties. Mighty Texas itself achieved only seventy-nine, and Kansas, where everything is funny, got a beggarly seven.

Of the paragraphs quoted from foreign publications, nine-and-ninety came from England; nineteen from Canada; from Germany, nine; from Ireland, strange to

say, only eight; three from the Philippines, two from Honolulu, and from China, one. Unfortunately, we missed the one from China, but it must have been a helluva joke.

If you have been wondering, fair lady and fidgety lord, why we are so consumed with interest over the DIGEST poll of paragraphers, your patience is now to be rewarded. For in the length and breadth of the realm covered by "Topics in Brief" second place was won by that Sparkling Lance (we will not say Gay Blade), who tosses off *Dixie Dewdrops for The Journal*—Olin Miller, of Thomaston, Georgia.

Strictly *entre nous*, and with never a thought of dissenting from the supreme court, we have a hunch that if the mails hadn't miscarried, or sump'n', Abou Ben Olin's name would have led all the rest. As it was, he scored one hundred and thirty-three as runner-up, against one hundred and forty-three for George Ryan, of the *Boston Herald*, which means that the latter has earned, and earned heroically, our amazed congratulations. Mr. Miller is a philosopher, as well as a wit. For example, when he wrote a paragraph, the other day, about a pantry shower and it appeared in cold print as "panty shower," he, instead of flying into a rage, seemed actually to enjoy it. (And we heard from a host of readers who also seemed to enjoy it.) Besides distilling dew for *The Journal*, Mr. Miller contributes pleasant potations to his home-town paper, the *Thomaston Times*, which is owned and edited by our friend, Mr. J. B. Brady, and splits his leisure hours between worrying over contract bridge and reveling in the mathematics of Professor Einstein. With these two minor exceptions, he is as proper a man as ever trod neat's leather and by all odds the wittiest we know.

"RARE minds come in constellations," adds *The Journal*, "as Georgia's two hundred and twenty quips in THE DIGEST go to prove." Continuing:

Among the paragraphers who shared honors with Olin M. in winning that distinction for the State, are Carey Williams, of the *Greensboro Herald-Journal*, whose "Meteors" cheer this page from time to time; Johnnie Spencer, of the *Macon Telegraph*; J. E. Lambright, of the *Brunswick Pilot*; R. E. L. Whitworth, of the *Dallas New Era*; Fred G. Story, of the *Columbus Enquirer-Sun*; and Henry Billingshurst, of the *LaGrange Reporter*. It appears, indeed, that Georgia is well on the way to producing a school of epigram akin to that of which Francis Beaumont, writing to Ben Jonson about their nights at the Mermaid Tavern, declared:

What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid! Heard words
So nimble and so full of subtle flame
As if that every one from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole soul in a jest,
And resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life.

Francis, of course, no more really meant those last two lines than we do. But what would our Georgia paragraphers achieve if they had a tavern?

Currency Reform.—"Are you in favor of Prohibition?"

"Yes, especially a form of prohibition that would prevent money from getting tight."—*Boston Transcript*.



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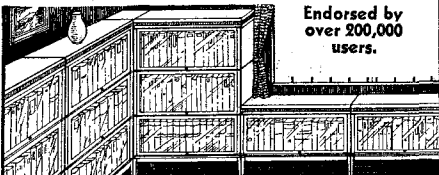
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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

That "Kent Plan" to Bring Back 1927 Prosperity

"STRAIGHT from the House of Have" comes a depression cure that is Socialistic to a degree that would confound our Founding Fathers and "cause many of their descendants to gasp," so the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* observes.

The plan is called the Kent plan, because it is devised by Fred I. Kent, a director of the Bankers Trust Company and a high official in the American Bankers Association. It receives more attention than thousands of other depression cures because it is sponsored by no less a person than the Utica savings bank president, Mr. C. A. Miller, who is president of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation.

The idea is to put government credit back of a scheme to reestablish business on the basis of 1927 activity. The R. F. C., through the banks, and after careful investigation in each case, would guarantee against loss industrial concerns agreeing to go ahead with operations as in 1927. Then the industrialists would turn back half their profits, if any, to the R. F. C.

As George L. Knapp remarks in Washington *Labor*, "nothing so drastic as this has been heard from social workers, labor leaders or other sources supposed to deal in 'radicalism.'" The proposal seems to the Palm Beach *Post* "to prove once more that it takes an ultra conservative to make a really radical suggestion."

Mr. Miller exploded this bomb at the hearings on the La Follette-Costigan \$500,000,000 unemployment relief bill being held by the Senate committee on manufacturers. He said he was not speaking for the R. F. C., and that he realized that he might be called a "Socialist" for asserting that the Kent plan to subsidize private industry was the best plan so far suggested as a solution of the unemployment problem.

THE Kent plan calls for resumption of industrial operations on the scale prevailing in 1927. It comes in a report from Mr. Kent's Commerce and Marine Commission of the American Bankers Association, an Associated Press outline of which appears in several newspapers. The work would be done through the R. F. C., the banks throughout the country acting as agents. The idea is that—

The individual banks would canvass their industrial clients for information on how much money they would need to resume operation on a 1927 scale, and how many workers would be reemployed if they did so; how much more raw material would be purchased and, finally, the character and quantity of the increased production.

This data would be coordinated through the Federal Reserve banks, by the R. F. C. Armed with this information the corporation then would decide whether to proceed with the plan.

If it were deemed advisable to do so, and

if authority were obtained by Congress, the corporation would direct the banks to make loans to their industrial clients, with a guaranty against loss "for such proportion of the loan as was not covered by the sale of the increased production."

Declaring that if the plan were put in operation, "men would be positively employed in production throughout the United States," the report cites the following effects to be expected:

"Greater expenditure on their part than if they were receiving doles; increasing confidence on the part of the people because their friends and neighbors who had been out of work were being reemployed (this would stimulate their own consumption); alleviation of the unrest which results in the development of unfortunate political forces leading to unsound legislation."

The plan, described as having been approved by 83½ per cent. of the hundreds of industrialists who examined it, is presented "as one that should not be carried out unless the only alternative should be the dole." Its purpose is given as to reestablish industry in a way that would result in "the least possible cost to government and leave no scar of legislation after its need was over."

As the report is further quoted:

Each loan made would carry an agreement on the part of the borrower to employ a certain specified number of additional men, to buy raw materials necessary to produce its regular products, and to pay the loan at maturity, provided such products were sold at prices sufficient to cover the cost. Further, that in lieu of the insurance to the industry carried in the guaranty of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, the borrower would pay the corporation 50 per cent. of any profits that his company might make through the sale of the production.

IN financial circles the Kent plan is received with little sympathy. Ralph West Robey, financial editor of the New York *Evening Post*, thinks "it would be difficult to conceive anything which would be in more direct conflict with the basic principles upon which our economic system rests."

With the Kent plan in operation, we read in the New York *Daily Investment News*, "the Treasury, as an angel to industry, would be open to inestimable demands; the country would no longer have a budget, but a money line direct to Fifteenth Street and Pennsylvania Avenue." As we read on:

For the government protection against loss, the producer would be asked to pay over 50 per cent. of the profits on his increased output.

Since the processor assumes no risk, that would not appear to be a sacrifice.

He would have everything to gain.

And if calculations ran amuck, the taxpayer would foot the bill. An outright dole to the unemployed has more to recommend it. At least then there would be some measure of what would be going out of the Treasury.

Whether business and the scale of living

must drop before they can move higher is a question of the future. Certainly the Government can not afford to step in here and put its credit behind an artificial effort at revival—an effort that is dubious at best. It will mean some reemployment, but the purchasing power—even if increased by the scheme—would still be too circumscribed to support business at the comparatively high level prevailing in 1927.

It is just "quackery," in the opinion of the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*, and the Grand Rapids *Press* is one of many dailies of the same opinion, remarking:

If Fred I. Kent, author of the Kent plan for economic recovery, were prescribing for a man suffering with indigestion, probably he would order three square meals a day, because that is his normal consumption. If this "cure" left the man in worse shape than before, then Mr. Kent would guarantee to pay the doctor bill.

This plan would encourage waste, eliminate efficiency by eliminating the profit motive and result in the most widespread corruption of both government and business ever experienced.

The Kent plan, in brief, would bring back the very conditions that caused the crash. It would disrupt all the forces that are now working toward a sound recovery. If R. F. C. officials are to indorse such wildcat schemes it may be high time that Congress began to lift questioning eyebrows concerning R. F. C. personnel.

And yet for all the criticism that can be raised against the Kent plan, the Palm Beach *Post* argues that "it is encouraging to see it put forward":

At the very worst it is at least a positive definite scheme for coping with an intolerable situation; and as such, it comes close to being a complete novelty.

Perhaps the oddest thing about the whole depression has been the fact that responsible leaders in government and industry have advanced no comprehensive program for setting things right. Such proposals as have been made have been sketchy and incomplete. We have been urged to tackle the problems of the depression separately; almost every scheme suggested has suffered because its author seemed to be afraid of going too far and startling some one a little.

Here, at any rate, is something concrete and far-reaching. It may be a good plan or it may be a terrifically bad one; but it is a plan, and it covers all of the ground. Even if it never gets beyond the blue-print stage, it gives us a basis for discussion.

And it ought, for that very reason, to help us stop drifting. We ought to realize by this time that we can not afford to sit back and wait for things to right themselves. If we don't like the R. F. C. plan, we can not escape the necessity of trying to outline a better one.

Back to Earth.—The honeymoon is over when the poor fish discovers that a perfect complexion and a Venus-like figure do not make the coffee taste any better.—*Punta Gorda Herald*.

Or when the deluded damsel ascertains that a star football player or crooner can't bring home the bacon.—*Clermont Press*.

Or if he did she couldn't cook it.—*Florida Times-Union*.

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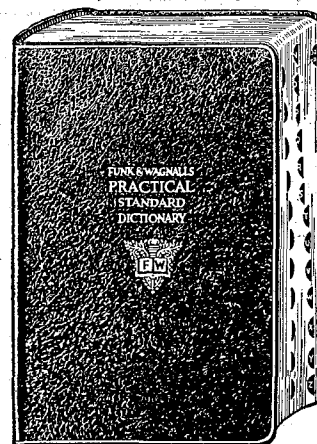
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CURRENT POETRY

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WELCOME interest of our readers in the poetry page is evidenced by the numbers who set us right on the mistaken allusion to Wordsworth as author of the phrase that nature "speaks a various language." The answers, fairly shouted, some not too politely, "Bryant"! And, of course, it was Bryant.

To those dissatisfied with our selections we recommend reading page 16 of this issue.

THO we are some weeks past the winter solstice on which this poem (or jingle) hangs, it is not too late to offer a little cheer. It comes from overseas—the Manchester *Guardian*:

TURNING POINT

By LUCIO

"The Shortest Day, the Shortest Day,
I'm always glad when it's passed away!
For when December Twenty-one
Its little course has duly run
Then things at last are on the move
And must, in course of time, improve."

"I do not mean that man's affairs
Are less encumbered then by cares,
For he achieves, with great success,
One long, consistent, sticky mess,
From which, in spite of frequent urging,
He shows no sign of yet emerging.
But good old Nature, bless her heart!
She yearly makes the newer start,
And, having reached rock-bottom, then
She duly starts to climb again."

"And this is where our Old Man Sun
Perceives his brighter task begun,
For though the days look bleak and glummer
Their faces now are turned to summer.
Now don't you sniff—for, oh, they are;
I scent the summer from afar!
The eye of faith and hope perceives
The time of green and gracious leaves,
Of birds and bees and hay and flowers,
Of sea and sands and sunny hours.
June may, just now, appear to be
A plain impossibility,
'A legend emptied of concern,'
But, mark you, it will yet return.
Oh, yes, it will, I tell you flat—
The Winter Solstice points to that,
And that is why I always say
'Hurrah! We've reached the Shortest Day!'"

As gossamer, as the subject of it, is this little poem in the New York *American*:

WILD THINGS

By MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

Snowflakes are little wild things,
Startled, shy.
Snatch them, catch them,
And they die.

Close your hand
Upon the snow,
It flees.
You cannot see it go.

A snowflake is
A small bird, white,
Flying swiftly
Through the night.

A little bird
That flares with rage.
It dreads a trap,
It dreads a cage.

Then leave it free!
If you are wise
You will snare it only
With the eyes.

And after its going
You will find
It sings in beauty
In the mind.

THIS poem can not be said to cheer. But it may be taken as a symptom of to-day. In *The New English Weekly* (London):

A VILLANELLE OF BITTERNESS

By MICHAEL WULCKOW

My heart is emptied of these things:
Pity to feel, and love, as well
As the new hope which each sun brings.

All faith in man has taken wings,
All skill of loveliness to tell:
My heart is emptied of these things.

Life has a thousand mocking stings
Bitter and deep, yet none so fell
As the new hope which each sun brings.

Barren for me are countless springs,
Dead leaves they fall the past to swell.
My heart is emptied of these things.

Yet to one straw my spirit clings,
Memories, that seem as ripe of hell
As the new hope which each sun brings.

Balms at my feet the whole world flings,
Vainly it strives to break the spell:
My heart is emptied of these things.

So that I deem Death's harvestings
Of shadows, not so sad a knell
As the new hope which each sun brings.
My heart is emptied of these things.

CONVALESCENCE is that half-way house that holds for us many questionings such as these in *The Spectator* (London):

INTERREGNUM

By EDWIN MUIR

After the fever this long convalescence,
Chapped blood and growing pains, waiting for life,
Turning away from hope, too dull for speculation.

How did we come here to this broken wood?
Splintered stumps, flapping bark, ringwormed
holes,

Soft milk-white water prisoned in jagged holes
Like gaps where tusks have been.

Where did the road branch?

Where did the path turn like an enemy turning
Stealthily, suddenly, showing his other face
After the knife-stroke?

Or did we choose, and if we chose
Did we choose idly, following the fawning way,
Or after years of obstinate dubitation,
Night sweats, rehearsed refusals, choose at last
For only the choice was left?

Did we walk here
In darkness or inexplicable light,
The road all clear behind us and before us,
An answer and a riddle?

Was it truth
That lured us here, or falsehood? Virtue itself,
Or weakness on weakness, an open stanchless
wound?

Did we fight step by step, hacking our way
Through rank green flourishing hopes to come
to this?

We did not know life held a place like this,
Or not for us, for others.

Yet we saw
Good halting stations on our road here, open doors,
Lights in windows, lighted shrines, and human
faces
Not such as these.

We have seen Heaven opening
And fields and souls in radiance. We have walked
In radiance and in darkness. Now this twilight.

Can we build a home here, make friends with the
mangled stumps,
And splintered stones, not looking too closely
At one another?

Can we sing our songs here,
Pray, lift a shrine to some god?

Can we till these nameless fields,
Nameless ourselves, between the impotent dead
And the unborn, cut off from both, fateless,
Yet ruled by fate? Many will follow us.

A THRENODY on the winter fate of the wild horses of the plains. In *Troubadour* Harbison Canyon, Calif.):

WINTER KILL

By TAUGEN EILO

Pitiful are these starved bodies in the canyons,
With ghastly holes where once their liquid eyes
looked at the sun and stars.

With shrunken torsos, curved ribs standing out
like tight-bent Indian bows;
With grotesque limbs flung out in one last spasm
of defiance

Before the long, great cold closed upon them.

Pitiful are these forms . . . the browns, the greys,
and the sorrels,

The mares with their colts and the stallions . . .
They who once ran free, now lie dead.

All their swift life is gone, is carrion there in the
canyons . . .

And a shadow of winter wind brings their last
whispering . . .

"We have pawed until our hoofs are bleeding
And there is no grass, there is no grass
At all beneath the snow.

Take us away, you riders,

Else on these hills we die,

Or like ill-shapen sleds

Slide into the bottoms.

Even we who are mustangs

Have in our own way served you:

So drive us away, you men, or

The next bitter wind from the northward

Brings the ghoulish coyotes."

But of the men who ride, none came and so they
died.

Now that the snow is gone, and new grass like a
bright, green sea,

Often above the tumbling of hill-land freshets

Comes the echo of pounding hoofs and echoing
neighs from the ridges.

And if my eyes could see, I know that there in
the moonlight

Gallops a phantom band . . . phantom mares
with their colts, phantom stallions . . .

Running . . . running . . . down the soft spring
wind to the green valleys.

HERE is a mysterious nature mood of which glimpses are now and then caught by many, but fixt for us now in charming verse in *The Queen's Quarterly* (Toronto):

PRESENCES

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

"The shadow of the poplar
Beside my cabin door
Has trembled on the floor.
Tho' no wind-walks the forest tops
Across my window sill
It trembled and was still.

"The broad noon sunlight basking
On every flower and tree
Was still as light can be.
What made those withered leaves whirl up
And drift a space, and fall—
As they had heard a call?

"Why are those hare-bells nodding
As if an unseen wing
Had set them all aswing,
Tho' up and down the forest glade
No other blade or bough
Stirs from its slumber now?

"The stillness and the brightness
Companion me. I hear
A footfall drawing near
Tho' no sound breaks the noonday hush.
A sweet breath stirs my hair—
But there is nothing there!

"What gracious presences
Are these I cannot see
Tho' they come close to me?
I think I shall have pleasant dreams
In silence charmed and deep
When I lie down to sleep."

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.
Readers who require immediate attention will receive it if they enclose a stamped return envelope. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

anet; benet.—"R. M." Chicago, Ill.—*Anet* is an obsolete or dialectic form of *anise*. The spelling occurred occasionally from the 13th to 16th centuries. It was apparently a shortened form of the Latin *anethum*.

Benet, the noun, is an obsolete ecclesiastical term. It was the name of the third of the four lesser orders in the Roman Catholic Church. The verb *benet* means "to catch or snare in or under a net."

cooperation.—"L. S. H." Norfolk, Va.—The preferred spelling of the word *cooperation* is as a solid word—without a hyphen.

From the available records of English spelling it appears that the original form was as a solid word. In 1398, Trevisa wrote: "By the *cooperacyon* of the holy ghost." In 1626 Bacon wrote: "Not Holpen by the *Cooperation* of Angels or Spirits." But in the 17th century, and sporadically since that time, there have been various efforts to break the word into two parts, or to introduce a dieresis over the second o.

criterion (plural of).—"W. J. B." New York City.—The preferred plural of *criterion* is *criteria*. We have only one instance of the plural form *criteria* in English literature. In 1788, Mrs. Hughes, in *Henry and Isabella* wrote: "Regular uniformity and the straight line were the *criteria* of taste and beauty."

dice.—"H. H. M." New Orleans, La.—The word *dice* is the plural of *die*. There is no more sanction for the usage *one dice* than for the equally absurd *one mice*.

definite, definitive.—"T. C. B." Aberdeen, S. Dak.—In many cases the adjectives *definite* and *definitive* may be used interchangeably, as when carrying the idea of exactness, preciseness, definiteness. The latter term, however, carries its meaning a shade further; that is, it denotes an exactness or a precision of such accuracy or finality as to become or to furnish a definition. Thus, if one says, "It is impossible at this time to make a *definite* statement," one means that he can not make a statement that is wholly clear, precise, unqualified, or final. If one says, "It is impossible at this time to make a *definitive* statement," the statement as made may be clear and unqualified, but lacking in that degree of finality and accuracy essential for an exact definition.

"*Definite limits*" and "*definitive limits*" are instances where either adjective may be used; for, qualifying the word *limits*, the exact bounds are determinable by either word.

In general, *definite* means "conclusive"; whereas *definitive* carries the conclusion to the point of absoluteness.

distrait, distraught.—"M. F." Boston, Mass.—*Distrait*, the French word, is to be distinguished from *distraught*, the English word. The former is defined as: "Abstracted; absent-minded," and the latter as: "In a state of distraction; confused; bewildered; mentally disordered."

exotic.—"S. A. F." Mount Vernon, N. Y.—This word, altho formerly applicable to persons, is now used only in connection with inanimate things. We speak of *exotic* art, *exotic* plants; but we use *foreign* or *alien* in reference to persons.

graduate, to.—"G. G." River Edge, N. J.—From 1588, "to graduate students by admitting them to a university degree," has been in good use. In 1602, John Tregonwel of the County of Cornwall, England, "was graduated a Doctor and did his Prince good service." Howell was "transplanted in 1645 from his native town to Oxford to be graduated." In 1776, T. Clap, in his "History of Yale College," wrote of a student, who "upon his return, was graduated at this College."

Graduate, used intransitively, with the sense "to take a university degree," is of much later date. It has been traced to the poet Southey, who made use of it in 1807. In 1808, the following statement appeared in the *Monthly Magazine* for October: "Mandeville graduated at Leyden in 1691." The *London Times* for March 8, 1892, p. 10, col. 1, printed the following reference: "In 1837 he graduated from Yale College."

hero.—"H. W. B." New York City.—A *hero* is one whose notable deeds or qualities cause him to stand above the average. We are accustomed to regard those deeds or qualities as partaking of the superlative, and to endow a *hero* with all the virtues. But that is not always a correct interpretation.

Some of the ancient Greek heroes committed despicable deeds, and it was those very deeds that elevated them to the title of *hero*. Others were elevated, despite their characters, as possessors of unusual physical qualities or skill. They were figures about whom life centered and action flowed.

In a play or in fiction we have the same thing. The male character upon whom the interest is centered is the *hero*. Generally, in fiction, such a character is portrayed as the beau ideal; but *Macbeth* is the *hero* of the Shakespearean play, the *Count Dracula* is the *hero* of Stoker's *Dracula*, and Mr. Hyde, of Stevenson's *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*.

honor, debt of.—"J. W. S." Ogden, Utah.—This expression is defined as "A debt that depends for its payment solely on the honor of the debtor, as a gambling debt." Gambling debts are always *debts of honor*, not because the gambler may not wish to pay them, but because they may not be collected by process of law, as the law does not recognize a gambling debt as legal. Any debt that is secured solely by moral obligation may properly be called a *debt of honor*.

irregardless.—"G. J. A." New York, City.—*Irregardless* is a nondescript word formed from an attempt to blend the word *regardless* with *irrespective*. The blend is impossible. *Regardless* means "without regard." *Irregardless*, if there were such a word, would have the meaning "not without regard."

lawyer, a Philadelphia.—"L. C. S." Earlville, Ill.—The exact origin of the expression a *Philadelphia lawyer*, has not been traced. Philadelphians resent the interpretation that it may have been derived from any sharp practice, but claim that it arose during pre-Revolutionary days in reference to the determination of lawyers in Philadelphia in support of freedom of speech and freedom of the press, and from the later patriotic work of lawyers assembled in Philadelphia during the sessions of the Continental Congress.

Nazi; weren't.—"W. E. F." Orange, N. J.—*Nazi* is pronounced *na'tzi*—a as in *art*, i as in *habit*. The name is really the German diminutive of *Ignatz* (ignatz), but has been adopted as the shortened form (the first two syllables) of *Nationalsozialistische Deutsche Arbeiterpartei* (German National Socialist Labor Party).

Weren't is pronounced *wur'ent* by careful speakers in the United States—u as in *burn*, e obscure as in *over*. A few Irish, English, and American scholars favor the pronunciation of *were* as *ware*, riming with *fare*, and would then presumably say *ware'nt*.

program, programme.—"J. C. L." New York City.—The reason for the dropping of the -me in the spelling of this word is that when the word was first introduced into English, the -me did not appear. Inasmuch as *program* conforms by analogy to the English representation of the Greek -gramma, as found in *anagram*, *cryptogram*, *diagram*, etc., there is no good reason for retaining a form in this word that we do not retain in others. Apart from this, in 1633 Struther in his "True Happiness," page 38, wrote: "The beginning of his discourse is like a *program*." In 1682, the form used in "Scottish Antiquities" was *programme*. In the Records of the University of Aberdeen for the year 1690 to the year 1711, *program* was used. In 1707, "Fountainhall in "Decisions," II, 385, wrote: "The Professor of Greek, his place being vacant in the College of St. Andrews, there is a *program* omitted." In 1816, Sir Walter Scott published "The Antiquary," and in 1824, "St. Ronan's Well"; in chapter 1 of the first and in chapter 13 of the second, the form *program* is used. The following quotation is from the latter source: "The transactions of the morning were announced by the following *program*."

Continuing down the line: In 1823, "The New Monthly Magazine," Volume VII: "A regular *program*"; Carlyle, in 1831, 1837, and later; Sterling, in 1839; Sir E. Perry, in 1855; Motley, in 1860; Browning, in "Ring and Book," VIII, 1765, in 1869; Henry Sweet, in 1892; George Bernard Shaw, in 1898; Funk & Wagnalls *STANDARD DICTIONARY*, 1895; the *New English Dictionary on Historical Principles* issued under the editorship of Sir James A. H. Murray, 1909, are authorities for the simpler form. Further authorities could be cited at length.

sap.—"T. L. S." Oak Terrace, Minn.—The slang word *sap* is not recent. It was used at least a hundred and twenty-five years ago precisely as it is to-day, to mean "a simpleton or fool." And two hundred years before that, people were speaking of *sap-headed* fools and *sap-skulls*. But the *sap* referred to was not a derivative of the Latin *sapiens*; it meant the juice that flows in trees with which the skulls or heads seemed to be filled, rather than with brains.

Shalemar, Shalamar.—"W. R. B." Grosse Point Park, Mich.—The reference to *Shalemar*, or *Shalamar*, in the *Indian Love Lyrics*, is to a famous ornamental garden lying six miles east of the walls of the city of Lahore. It was laid out in 1637 by Shah Jahan.

technocracy.—To NUMEROUS CORRESPONDENTS.—This word was coined by the engineer, inventor, and social economist, Wm. H. Smyth of Berkeley, California, and used by him in the magazine, *Industrial Management*, for March, 1919, and was subsequently used by him in other magazine and newspaper articles. In his book, "Concerning Irascible Strong" (1926), his definition of the term is, "scientific reorganization of national energy and resources, coordinating industrial democracy to effect the will of the people." Briefly, it contemplates the establishment of a National Council of Scientists and Technicians to function in peace time as the Industries Board functioned during the war. The term has lately been employed to express a revaluation of industrial output in terms of human energy.



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Opportunity Dan'l Missed.—

And if depression there had been
When Daniel braved the lions' den
Tho he was saint and not a sinner
He'd sure have eaten them for dinner.
—Ed Scanlon in the Buffalo News.

Or Calling Your Bluff.—

"Your country calls you," said the patriot.
"I hope it's for promotion," answered
Senator Sorghum. "You know, your
country sometimes calls you up only for
the purpose of calling you down."
—Washington Evening Star.

Hee-Haw!—"Robert," said the teacher,
to drive home the lesson which was on
charity and kindness, "if I saw a man
beating a donkey and stopt him from
doing so, what virtue
would I be showing?"

"Brotherly love," said
Bobby. —Boston Transcript.

Bare Knuckles.—"My
girl and I are on the
outs."

"Only a lovers' quar-
rel."

"No, this is serious.
We got into a political
discussion." — Louisville
Courier-Journal.

Christened at Water- bury, Connecticut.—

He met her at Friendship,
Missouri, followed her to
Love, Virginia, and asked
her to name the day at
Ring, Arkansas. They
were married at Church,
Iowa, and settled down
at Home, Oregon, but
the twins were born at Boise, Idaho. —
Los Angeles Record.

Well-known Killjoys.—

I'd like to take a snickersnee
And forthwith start to whittle
The movie fan who next to me
Is munching peanut brittle.
—Youngstown Telegram.

And I'd send to a warmer clime
That's far away from here
The pestiferous maiden who
Chews spearmint in my ear.
—Buffalo Evening News.

Keeping Up the Tone.—He was very
hungry, so he pushed open the swinging
doors of the restaurant and entered. It
was a rough, ill-smelling place, but he
thought he would try a cup of coffee and
something to eat.

The waitress brought coffee in a thick,
heavy cup.

"Where's the saucer?" inquired our
fastidious friend.

"We don't give no saucers here," re-
plied the girl. "If we did, some ill-bred
ignoramus would come blowing in, and
drink out of his saucer, and we'd lose a lot
of our swellest customers." —Washington
Labor.

This Way Out.—MRS. SUBBUBS—"Are
there any questions you would like to ask,
Nora?"

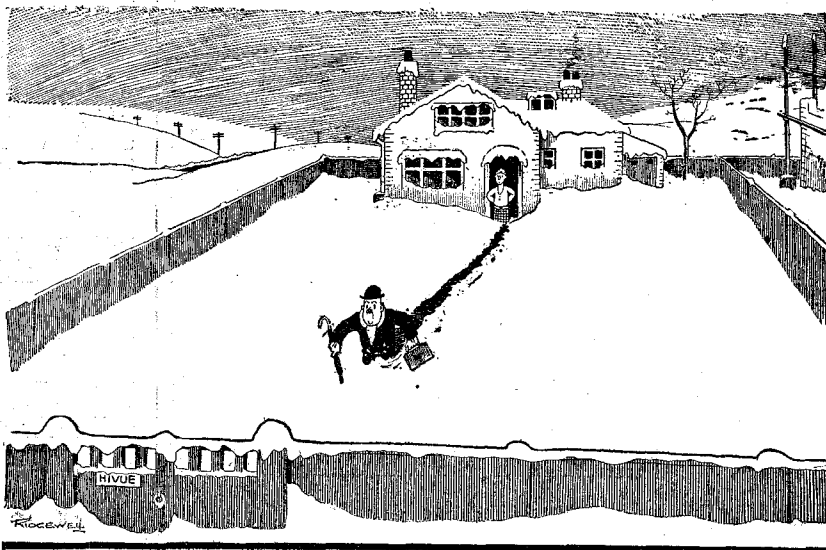
NEW MAID—"Yes, ma'am, just one.
Where do you keep the time-table?" —Life.

Alibi Ike.—BOBBY—"Mamma, what is
a 'Second-Story Man'?"

MRS. JOE BUNGSTARTER—"Your fa-
ther's one. If I don't believe his first
story, he always has another one ready."
—Los Angeles Record.

Long, Long Trail.—The chief objection
to the school of experience is that you
never finish the post-graduate courses,
says an exchange.

When you graduate from that school
brother, your diploma is a tombstone. —
Boston Transcript.



"If you want to catch that 8:15, Horace, you'd better run!"

—"The Humorist" (London).

Velvet Paw.—EDNA—"Jack is so orig-
inal. He says things to me that nobody
else would dream of saying."

MAY—"What's he been up to now—
asking you to marry him?" —Hummel
(Hamburg).

He'd Be Lonely.—

You can lead a horse to water,
But you can't make him drink;
You can send a man to Congress,
But you can't make him think.
—Los Angeles Record.

Human Tortoise.—Two men were dis-
cussing the vexed question of the education
of their children. Said one:

"What's your boy going to be when
he finishes his education?"

"An octogenarian, I think," replied
the other. —Washington Labor.

Birth of a Beautiful Epidemic.—

MOTHER—"Did I see you kissing that
young Allen last night?"

BERYL—"Well, Mother, he told me he
had just lost an uncle and I felt so sorry for
him."

"If I know anything about that young
man he won't have a relative left in a
week's time!" —Philadelphia Star.

Slips That Pass in the Night

Best Forgive and Forget.—Mrs. —
was afflicted with the Newtown P—
Church. —Newton (Pa.) paper.

By the Beard of the Prophet!—Out of
those fifty guests more than thirty had been
married to the same man for more than
twenty years. —Los Angeles Times.

Social Note.—The war office here
confirmed reports of the fighting, but de-
clined to estimate its extent or the possi-
bility of the spread of hospitalities. —Gadsden
(Ala.) paper.

For Sharp Appetites.—Four hundred
boys and girls were guests at a theater
party at the Riviera and then enjoyed a meal
of chicken and needles. —
Anderson (Ind.) paper.

Venerable Biddies.—

Wanted — 100 year old
Leghorn laying hens, not
over 65c each. — Everett
(Wash.) Herald.

Bang! Bang!—As the
organ played faintly the
mellow notes of crimes
floated from behind the
flower-buried pulpit. —
Detroit Times.

The Warmer the Better.—

Better Let Us
Flush Your Cooing Sys-
tem and fill it with the
proper amount of Anti-
Freeze. —Danville (Va.)
Bee.

Don't Bite Strangers.—Wanted, white
girl or woman to stay with two children,
5 and 10 years, some afternoons and eve-
nings; must be honest; references; rats rea-
sonable; write "Honest," box 277, Times.
—Montclair (N. J.) Times.

Might Be Expensive, at That.—

The
Zion Lutheran congregation of Manheim,
Pennsylvania, is required annually to pay
for the grounds occupied by its church as
a rental price one red nose. —The Bond
(Minneapolis).

When Peace Falls.—

DO YOU HAVE TROUBLE WEARING
ARTIFICIAL TEETH?

Many people do not until they wear our
ROOFLESS UPPER and CUSHION LOCKIN
LOWER.

—Ad in the Florida Times-Union.

Cool Before Wearing.—The perfect
beginner's pattern, for nothing is easier to
make. Wearable and attractive in wash
satin or crepe. Lace may be added.

Mix ingredients. Pour into buttered
baking dish. Bake in pan of hot water in
a slow oven 45 minutes for a dainty trim. —
Bethlehem (Pa.) Globe-Times.

And NOW . . . Old-fashioned
NOODLE SOUP
by Heinz . . .



HERE is noodle soup that you'll relish to the last delicious spoonful! In a savory broth that is rich with flavor, you'll find tender pieces of chicken meat, and plenty of delicious thin-cut noodles. No thin, diluted "canned soup" taste here! Heinz chefs "brew in" the nourishing goodness by slowly simmering the ingredients in small kettles—the good old-fashioned home way. Nothing whatever has to be added. Each variety comes to

you fully prepared—perfectly seasoned—ready to heat and serve. Save yourself expense and effort by serving Heinz soups frequently. On cold winter days no dish is more appetizing and nourishing—particularly for the children. Your grocer has a whole shelfful of these tempting varieties of soup. Order an assortment now and keep them on hand. Heinz gives you full value in quality and quantity for every cent you pay.

**SOME OF THE NEW
57 VARIETIES**

VEGETABLE (With 13 Vegetables) • BEEF BROTH (Scotch style with Barley, Vegetables and Meat)
 CREAM OF ASPARAGUS • NOODLE
 CREAM OF GREEN PEA
 MOCK TURTLE • CREAM OF CELERY
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